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DECADS IV & V

Tyāga Bhāratī



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N. Ramanathan



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TAMIL CUSTOMS IN THE DIVYA PRABANDHAM

Srirama Bharathi

The Divya Prabandham provides an insight into many ancient customs of the Tamil culture, which have either passed into oblivion or exist merely as rituals today. The Alwars' poetry not only describe the nature and content of these practices, the context in which they are performed, and the spirit in which they must be viewed, but also the psychological benefit that accrues from them. Reference was made in an earlier article, (Music and Dance Traditions in the Divya Prabandham, IMJ XI, 1980, p. 57-64) to the folk elements in Tirumangai Alwar's poetry. This paper is an extension of that theme, and also refers to practices that arose as a movement of the masses, but became accepted by the Vedic intelligentsia.

PUSAI

The Sanskrit word Puja has become accepted to mean prayer. However, the concept of prayer as petition for favours or penitence for sin appears to be alien to the Tamil psyche. The original Tamil word is Pusai, or adoration with flowers. The primary purpose is an aesthetic enjoyment and expression of love. The returns are spiritual, not worldly.

Andal outlines the process of flower-worship thus: "Coming as pure, we shall strew good flowers, sing songs, and contemplate." (தூயோமாய் வந்து நாம் தூமலர் தூவித்தொழுது வாயினால் பாடி மனதினால் சிந்திக்க, Tirup. 5)

Nammalwar extends the process of worship to the media of the five elements air, fire, earth, water, and space thus:

"With incense, lamp, fresh flowers, water, and songs, we shall worship everyday." (நாளும் புகையால் விளக்கால் புதுமலரால் நீரால் இறைஞ்சு, TVM 10-4-10)

The iconic representation of the Supreme Being (Arca) provides a direct physical means for the expression of love and the performance of acts connected with it. The Arca may be carved of wood or stone, cast in stucco or in bronze, may be self-formed or chiselled, but in all these, the common element is the actualization of a conceptual reality.

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The bliss of God—love is likened to the sweetness of milk, curds, honey, sugarcane juice and butter; only He is ஆராவமுது, insatiable ambrosia. This association becomes strengthened when the icon is washed and bathed with milk, honey, and such other substances. Periyar sings his love for the child Krishna with several decads devoted to bathing, anointing, and dressing the wonder-boy.

Song is the strongest expression of love, but the outward formations of language, melody and rhythm must spring from the inner consciousness of harmonious joy. Hence Dhyana is an integral part of worship, whether through pure song or through ritual acts accompanied by song (எண்ணும் திருநாமம், TVM 10.5.1)

The dominant Rasa in Pusai are Sringara and Karuna. The benefits that accrue from these acts are: opportunity for self-improvement (போயப் பிழையும் புகுதருவான் நின்றனவும் தீயினில் தூசாகும், Tirup 5) and Grace (அடியார்க்கு அருள் பேறே TVM 10-5-11)

MADAL

This is an ancient practice of self-mortification in love. When a man becomes possessed by love for a woman of high birth and sees no hope of winning her hand by fair means, he may resort to mounting the thorny Palmyra stalk. He then rides it like a hobby horse inebriated, in the streets and highways everywhere, shouting lewd poetry and publicly declaring his love. The thorns on the Palmyra stalk pierce and bleed him, and the pain only heightens his love-madness.

Tirumangai Alwar has rendered two madals raving his love for God. The erotic theme is dramatised in the Sิริya Tirumadal. Instead of a male seeking the hand of a female, it is Tirumangai in the garb of a female seeking the love of God. The poem introduces us to the heroine, a fair maiden with slender waist, firm round breasts, well-made coiffure and well ornamented frame. She comes to the balcony to play ball, when her friends below call her to join them and witness an acrobat dance on a pot. The allusion is to Krishna in his Lila at Brindavan, and also by association to the Arca at Kum'akonam. "Friends, this is when I was watching him dance, all my travails began," laments the heroine. I lost my fair bangles from my arms, and would not be consoled by any means." The loosening of bangles from the wrist is a symbolic expression of love-lament. The maiden gives up food and sleep and pines away for her lover.

Seeing that the maiden is possessed, the mother / chaperon calls a gypsy for help. The gypsy in turn examines the girl and goes into a trance. In her seance, she describes the "Spirit" of the person who has possessed the maiden, in terms which are an obvious reminder of the exploits of Krishna, Rama and Vamana-Trivikrama. She advises that the only way to cure the girl's infatuation is to get the Tulasi garland (Medicinal basil) from the feet of Krishna. Considering that this is an impossible task, the mother withdraws from the scene.

In the next scene, the heroine announces her intention to mount the Palmyra horse. A crowd gathers. People advise her not to perform the act, since prudery forbids a woman of high birth to roam the streets thus. The maiden however cites the instances of other heroines who have mortified themselves for their men's loves (Did not Sita walk the thorny path for her Rama's love?) and chalks out the arduous path she will trudge, seeking her Lord's love, or His medicinal Tulasi. The passage takes her through several of the Vaishnava shrines from Badari to Tirukkurungudi.

Tirumangai Alwar's Madals are part of the Iyarpa section (Book-III of the Nalayira Divya Prabandham). The dramatic element being dominant, they are generally sung in Svarantara during the deity's procession. The love-motif finds a place in the Isaipa also, in Nammalwar's Masaru Codi (TVM 5.3). "After I have lost my charms, my hue, and my shame, sister, what does it matter if the world speaks slanderously of us? Let my mother spit fire, it does not matter. I shall ride the Palmyra horse" sings Nammalwar as Nayika conversing with her Sakhi. The music is set in the raga Todi, Caturasra nadai Rupaka tala, and recalls the merry canter of the horse and the indignant tone of its rider. One feels a sense of suspense and fear, Bhayanaka, in the Madal poetry, but this only subserves the main rasa of Sringara which is dominant to the theme.

The benefit that accrues from the Madal songs, says Nammalwar is that all the world will be to them as Vaikuntha, (வைகுந்த மாகும் தம்முரெல்லாம்) or heaven. But perhaps we could better ask a child what thrill there is in riding a hobby horse!

KULAMANI DURAM

"Removal of the jewels on the ears and coiffure", this is a humiliation dance inflicted upon the vanquished in war, by the

victor. Among other acts, the victor cuts the stem of the enemy's parasol and measures out his territory for annexation. He takes the other's queens, strips him of his regalia, and makes him dance on his knees, hands tied behind the back, to the beat of the drum.

The custom is made use of by Tirumangai Alwar in his decad (PT 10.3) to describe the plight of the routed Rakshasas in the hands of the victorious Vanara army, after Rama's seige of Lanka city. The Rakshasas are made to beg for mercy, chanting Rama's fair name "till the tongues are swollen" (ஏத்துகின்றோம் நாத் தழும்ப இராமன் திருநாமம்).

This is preceded by a decad in which the sound of the tribal drum "Tadam Pongottam Pongo" appears as a refrain in the fourth line of each stanza. The pleading tone of the Rakshasas is heightened by the music set in Des raga. Tirumangai Alwar exhorts all devotees to sing and dance, and adds in the Pongottam Pongo that those who perform this will have no despair here, and at death, the Universe (Vaikuntha) will be their abode. (இம்மையேபிடரில்லை இறந்தால் தங்குமுரண்டமே, PT 10-2).

Vibhatsa, aversion, is the rasa when contemplating the Rakshasas' plight but cleverly used to highlight Karuna for Sita in her imprisonment.

SIRRIL

Children are fond of building sand castles. They beautify it with flowers, flags and colours. This is a creative expression of joy. Andal uses this common motif to invite Kamadeva, god of love. Even as she and her friends complete their sand castles (Sirrils) and rise, Krishna, a young prankster, appears and destroys them with his foot. The spontaneous act evokes the tender love of young boys and girls, and Andal's decad in the Nachiyar Tirumozhi sings this theme in openly erotic terms. The rasa is Srīngara, and the Phalasaruti grants Heaven to those who recite it (குறைவின்றி வைகுந்தம் சேர்வரே, NT 2-10).

KUDAL

Among the many omens in the Tamil tradition, Kudal is a god invoked to join parted lovers. Tirumalisai Alwar refers to this as a mystic ring in his Tiruccendaviruttam. Andal sets the fourth decad of her Tirumoli to this strain. She blindfolds herself and

draws a circle. If the circle closes, that is, if beginning and end meet, there is hope of union with her heart's desire. If not, there is still hope: draw three circles, and see if two close. If not, again there is hope: draw ten circles and see if even numbers close. Maidens do this with coloured sand-dust during spring time, and the picture it creates on the floor is beautiful to watch.

Andal blesses such performers with freedom from sin (இல்லை பாவமே, NT 4.10)

PEY VIRATTAL

The exorcising of evil spirits has already been referred to in Madal above. When a person's behaviour appears strange or irrational, when there is excessive loss of appetite and sleep, for no apparent reason, when he or she speaks disjointedly, hysterically or deliriously, when he or she is afflicted by depression of the spirit, then an evil spirit or ghoulish is said to have possessed him or her. To rid the person of the spirit, drums beat and men and women dance in a frenzy, shaking their shoulders and beating their hands. A goat is butchered, and toddy is poured, to propitiate the spirit. Black rice is offered at the altar. The dancing is accompanied by loud toneless music of pipes and drums.

The picture appears barbaric to the "modern" mind, but let us recall that depression of spirits ("mental health") is very much a problem even today, perhaps more so in the industrially advanced nations, and that the solutions that such societies have come up with ("Friday night fevers") are really no different from Pey-Virattal.

Nammalwar has devoted a decad to this theme. A maiden deeply affected by God-love is diagnosed as being possessed, and a witch-doctor is sent for, to perform the exorcism. A well-meaning friend of the girl strongly protests and suggests other ways to cure the maiden. "Offer her a sprig of Tulasi, white mud, the company of pious Bhagavatas, and chant, sing and dance the names of the Lord. Take her to a temple if you can. That will cure her." (T.V.M. 4.6) The message cannot be clearer for those who can take it.

Andal uses a similar motif in the penultimate decad of her Tirumoli. After all efforts to secure her love fail, she passes into a swoon, and in her "last words" asks for a whiff of fresh air fanned with the Lord's vestments, or His sacred Tulasi on her hair, or a drop of water from the Lord's flute-hole to revive her.

Nammalwar concludes that those who can sing and dance his decad will forever be freed of depression of spirits (தொழுதாடிப் பாட வல்லார் துக்க சீலமில்லர்களே TVM-6.11) And al too vouchsafes the same (துன்பக்கடலுள் துவளாரே, NT 13.10).

Seminal Study

RAGAS IN SEED FORM

Ragas found their full development in the Kritis of the Trinity some two hundred years ago. Many new ragas were developed from Melakartas enriching our heritage. Age-old traditional tunes were preserved in the new Sahityas of Vaggeyakaras during that period. The process continued, much in the style set by the Trinity. And then there began a process of change, a little over sixty years ago, a process which has been hotly criticised, or strongly defended, but never stopped: People have begun to feel less and less, and think more and more. Music then, has ceased to be a communication of hearts, reaches the inner man less and less and serves only to please or tingle the outer ear.

A concern was voiced in a seminar recently (held at Madras by the Sruti Foundation) over the "state and fate of Karnatak Music". The speakers were for the most part speaking at a tangent, their concern being more for the dwindling Market for the art, but the occasion was noteworthy insofar as it drew attention to (a) the breakdown of classical values, (b) the inability of the modern musician to draw and sustain the interest of their listeners and (c) the unwillingness of the rising generation to carry forward the cultural torch. A positive outlook emerged from a point made by an unscheduled speaker, which was later taken up and elaborated by 'IAS' Ramamurthy, that in the Indian system of thought, Dhvani, or tone, is said to be Sasvata, or permanent/eternal, and that ragas therefore are undying. With the qualification that some ragas do pass out of fashion, and that the Trinity's development of sancaras in the major ragas do face extinction due to disuse or mishandling, we accept the spirit of the statement. Ragas being tone poems developed from Pranava which is the undying seed of all sound, every new generation will discover the medium for its artistic expression by contemplating on the seed.

It is a source of inspiration-and humility-to realise that far from being creators of our art, we as artists and rasikas are for the most part consumers of an art created long ago, and that art will never find its relevance in the lives of people unless the truly creative principle is restored. This may result in novelty, or it may revive something of the distant past, but either way, the effect will find life by the strength of its creative force.

Many old ladies in villages even today, spin out songs in fond praise of the temple deity. They do not compose, they merely

sing. But therein lies a fund of valuable raga material, in its nascent stage, almost seed form. Simple two-lines tunes pulsate with life, preserving more of the spirit of ragas than can Arohana-Avarohana and elaborate notes/recordings.

Here are some tunes collected during the past few years as part of our activities to promote group-singing. Readers may write and tell us of more they may have.

1 Bhairavi : (Vanam Ennum, IMJ XII) p. 56)

DnSaSa SaSaSa DnSaSa RMgRSa niniDa PaPaMa PdniDa Pa...
PaSaSa niDaPa MaPaMa MgaRiSa SRaRi PMagRi gaSaSa Sa...

2 Yadukula Kamboji : (Dwarkapuri, IMJ XIV p. 67)

SaSa SaSa RiMa PaDa DSSD DPPM MPMD Pa...
PDDS SDDP DPMG RSRI RiMG GRMG RSaS Sa...

3 Navroj : (Sundeli Nalu, IMJ XII, p. 44)

SaSS SaSa SaRS SNDP DaSS SaSS SRGM Ga...
GaMa PaMG RiMG RSSS SRiR RiNR GPGR SNDP

4 Sahana : (Lali Sri)

Dani	Sa.n	Dani	Sa...	DSnD	Ma.G	RiGM	Pa....
lali	Sri	Krsnu	du	nila	me	gavaru	na
RiRi	...Ga	MaPa	PaMa	GaGa	GaRi	RMGR	Sa...
bala	go	palay	ya	nidra	po	krsnay	ya

—Editor

TIRUPPALLANDU IN HINDI

Srirama Bharati

Periyalwar, a Brahmin in Srivilliputtur near Madurai, lived during the reign of Vallabhadeva Raya of the Pandya dynasty (8th cent. AD). He used to make flower garlands for the Lord (Vatapatra Sayi). Once he spoke inspired before a collection of Pandits on the merits of the Bhagavata Dharma, and the contest prize came to him unasked. The king honoured him, made Bhagavata Dharma the State religion, and took Periyalwar in procession on a caparisoned elephant. On the elephant, Periyalwar had a vision of the Lord appearing on his Garuda. He burst into song "Pallandu, pallandu" in ecstasy, and grabbed the elephant bells in his hands and began to ring them.

Sadagopan had had a vision of how Periyalwar had done this, when he was in the Alagar temple at Madurai in 1973, and he burst into song saying "this is how he must have sung it," He then sat and worked on the remaining ten stanzas from July to September 1976 and taught it to us at Delhi. When it was completed, he said he felt this was a masterpiece, and was able to fully recapture the first vision that Periyalwar had initiated.

THE COMPOSITION

The Tiruppallandu is the first decad of the Divya Prabandham. It is traditionally considered the Pranava of the eight-syllable Mantra. In terms of Sadagopan's musical arrangement too, the

description fits, as it requires intensive breath control and voice-culture. Unlike Kritis, there is no room for extemporization or free song.

This piece is also the earliest musicological representative of the Tri-dhatu Prabandha available to us in actual performance. The name Divya Prabandham thereby gains greater significance, for it is clear that Prabandha here refers not only to metrical poem but also its musical treatment. This is a vital but neglected aspect of Alvars' works. (For more, see The Divya Prabandham as a Musical Form, IMJ XIV, 1985, p. 37-41)

PERFORMANCE

In the temple, the piece is to be performed before the Acala vigraha. The Arayar, or anyone else designated to perform, is honoured with the Lord's vestment (Pariattam) and a flower garland from his person. The Arayar then addresses his song to the Lord (stanzas 1 & 2), then to the gathering (stanzas 3-8) then again to the Lord (Stanzas 9, 10). At this point he moves into dance, recalling the Kalia-Nartana. Finally he addresses the Lord in a poignant personal rapport. The piece closes with a Phala-sruti, offering benedictions to all who have shared the experience.

THE HINDI VERSION

I have performed this piece on many occasions, but often felt that my non-Tamil speaking audiences were missing the grandeur of the message. A challenging opportunity arose in the summer of 1985, when there was a proposal to invite me for performance at the Vishnu Digambar Festival at IKS, Khairagarh. Slowly, a Hindi version of the text began to take shape, which closely followed the original phonemically.

Often, Sanskrit words would appear and these would enter the Hindi version without any difficulty. Throughout the process, the music-in raga, tala, svara, and phrasing-remained identical to the Tamil rendering, and the work was completed with a manuscript on Bhurja patra.

The invitation at Khairagarh did not materialise, nevertheless we sang it at Melkote on Digambar Jayanti before a small gathering. Those who heard it said they were reminded of Tagore's Bengali version of Dikshitar's Purvikalyani kriti Minakshi, or Syama Sastri's parallel Telugu version of his Kalyani

Himadrisute. On the whole the experience was satisfying, for I had felt committed to retaining Sadagopan's music, and was able to do so translingually.

The text repeats the Tamil in Hindustani verbatim. Only in the last line of stanza 12, I was compelled to deviate from the verbal sentiment, in order to accommodate the spirit. The original line reads பரமாத்மனைச் சூழ்ந்திருந்தேத்துவர் பல்லாண்டே, which actually recalls to the mind's eye the Lord's Durbar, where devotees throng in the order of their merit, and perform various Kainkaryas like waving the whisk, holding the parasol, fanning etc. This is familiar to those who have seen the temple ritual. In the Hindi version I have only said "those who deeply love the Lord", conveying thereby the Sense of the original.

The Hindi version has helped me communicate to larger audiences immensely. Once in Nanguneri (Vanamamalai) I was overwhelmed by the presence of a huge throng of devotees from Rajasthan and was delighted to know that the Lord's fame has such vast boundaries. My rapport with them through the "Bahuvash" was immediate, and lasting.

The text of the Hindi version appears on pages 2-4 of the section. Readers who can help me improve the version may like to write and tell me of their views. For those who may not know the original Tamil, a rough English equivalent is given below.

1. Many years, many years, many thousands of years, and many hundred thousands more. Gem hued Lord with mighty wrestling shoulders, your ruby lotus feet are our refuge.

2. To the bond between us, many and many a thousand years. To the dainty lady resting on your manly chest, many and many a thousand years.

To the fiery orb discus adorning your right shoulder, many and many a thousand years.

To the conch Pancajanya that struck terror in the battlefield, many and many a thousand years.

3. You that stand and suffer life, come, accept talc paste and fragrance. Those who are slaves of the palate we shall not admit into our fold.

For seven generations, pure hearted, we have sung the praises of Kodandarama who launched an army and destroyed Lanka, demon's haunt.

4. Before you place your trust on infirm ground, come join us. O like-hearted men, give up your temporal aims and join us quick. Let town and country resound with the chant Namō Narayana. Ye devotees who wish to sing come join us in singing "Bahavarsha".
5. Asserting His supremacy over all creation, as Hrishikesa, He destroyed the clannish Asuras and Rakshasas.

O devotees, revere His feet, chanting the thousand names. Give up your old connections and ways, and sing many thousands of years, "Bahavarsha".

6. My father's father's father's father, and his grandfather before him, over seven generations have performed His service.

In the asterism of Saravana, at dusk, he came as the man-lion and tore apart the foe. End your suffering, join us. Sing many years, many thousand years, "Bahavarsha".

7. Branded with the shape of the radiant discus, blazing with the brilliance of fire, we stand and serve generation after generation. For Him who swirled the discus over Bana who was waging wars of illusion, and made his thousand shoulders bleed, sing "Bahavarsha".
8. He gives me good rice food with ghee, and privileges of attendance. Betel leaf and areca nut in hand, ornaments for neck and ears, and fragrant Sandal paste to smear. He purges my soul. He has Garuda on his banner, for Him I sing Bahavarsha.
9. The yellow vestment you wear and discard, we wear, and eat your leftovers. The woven Tulasi flowers you wear we wear and rejoice in. Keeping watch over the ways of

the world you appeared in the Asterism of Saravana; reclining on a hooded snake, to thee we sing 'Bahavarsha'.

10. My Lord. the day we became your bonded serfs, that very day our entire clan found its refuge and salvation, see. O you who appeared in that auspicious day in Mathura and destroyed (Kamsa's) arsenal, and danced on the five-hooded snake, "Bahavarsha" to you.
11. (Note : Pancama sruti, in which the above two stanzas are rendered, is a rare Prayoga devised by Sadagopan to demonstrate the identity of relationship between Punnagavarali and the Uttaranga of Bhairavi that follows.)
12. Like the faultless chief of Kottiyur, Selvanambi, a mountain of respectability, I too my Lord, am an old faithful servant of thee. Chanting Namō Narayana and other names in myriad ways with all my power, O pure One, I sing Bahavarsha to thee.
13. These words were uttered with love by Villiputtur's Vishnu Chitta (Periyalwar), wishing Bahavarsha for the pure Lord, large hearted one, wielder of the Saranga bow. Those who enjoy singing, chanting Namō Narayanaya this good year, and surround the Lord at all times, for them too, "Bahavarsha".

VADIVALAGU POETRY IN BHAKTI LITERATURE

INTRODUCTION

While the Alvars addressed their poetry to God in all his manifestations of Para, Vyuhā, Vibhava, Arca, and Antaryamin, it was to the Arca that they were most attracted. The captivating still-life beauty of the icon sent the Alvars into raptures, and they would break into song.

Can the process work in the reverse as well? Can song transform itself into icon? It would appear yes, for when Nammalvar came to his worldly journey's end, Madhurakavi made it his mission to spread the Tiruvaimoli, and sang a decad in his Guru's praise. But he so missed his Guru that the song, wherein he says that his master's form appears before him wherever he roams, inspired him to cast his master's icon. It is said that with his yogic powers he heated Tamraparni waters and produced an icon. This was one with folded hands (Anjali Mudra), "But this is not how I have seen you these many years", the disciple protested with disappointment, whereupon he was bade to repeat the process. This time the icon appeared with Upadesa mudra, and this icon of Nammalvar is worshipped under the Tamarind tree where he sat, at Alvar Tirunagari to this day. (The earlier icon became Bhavishyadacarya, Ramanuja, and is installed at the Mutt nearby.)

Poetry inspired by the icon has a long tradition in the Tamil literary history. It becomes a preoccupation in vaishnava literature as Vadivalagu idupadu. Ilakkana Vilakkam (5. 6.) distinguishes, two formats, : Padadikesam or description from toe to head, and Kesadipadam or description from head to toe. The convention is to reserve the former for eulogising God (Tiruppadakesan, Perialvar 3. 20) and the latter for describing all Alvars and Acaryas. Exception do exist. For example, Nammalvar in TVM 7.3 describes the enchanting beauty of Krishna's face directly. Again in Mudiccodi (TVM 3.1) he speaks first of Mudi (crown), and then of Adi (feet).

The earliest complete description of form appears to be Tiruppanalvar's Amalanadipiran, where the reclining Ranganatha of Srirangam is described in nine moving songs-feet, vestments, naval, waistband, chest, neck, coral lips, radiant eyes, and face-and ends with the dedication that having enjoyed this vision, his eyes shall see naught else.

A similar poem in curnika (free verse) is Tirumangai Alvar-Vadivalagu, a work ascribed to Sri Varavara Muni (15th cent.). The life-like description brings to the mind's eye the standing icon of Tirumangai mannan at Vayalali, his birth-place, standing in Anjali mudra with spear resting on his left shoulder. A version heard from Yatirajamma was given in Devagana (1985). Another version from a privately circulated booklet is given here. This is generally rendered in Devagandhari raga, in free rhythm.

திருமங்கை ஆழ்வார் வடிவழகு

பேதை நெஞ்சே! இன்றைப் பெருமை அறிந்திலையோ!
ஏது பெருமை இன்றைக்கென்னென்னில்—ஓதுகிறேன்.

வாய்த்தபுகழ் மங்கையர் கோன் மாநிலத்தில் வந்துதித்த
கார்த்திகையில் கார்த்திகை நாள்.

மாறன் பணித்த தமிழ்மறைக்கு மங்கையர் கோன்
ஆறங்கம் கூற அவதரித்த—வீறுடைய

கார்த்திகையில் கார்த்திகைநாள் இன்றென்று காதலிப்பார்
வாய்த்த மலர்த்தாள்கள் நெஞ்சே வாழ்த்து.

அணைத்தவேலும் தொழுதகையும்
 அமுந்திய திருநாமமும்
 ஒமென்றவாயும் உயர்ந்தமுக்கும்
 குளிர்ந்தமுகமும் பரந்த விழியும்
 பதிந்த நெற்றியும் நெறித்த புருவமும்
 சுருண்டகுழலும் வடிந்தகாதும்
 அசைந்த காதுகாப்பும் தாழ்ந்த செவியும்
 சரிந்த கழுத்தும் அகன்றமார்பும்
 திரண்ட தோளும் நெளித்த முதுகும்
 குவித்தயிடைபும் அல்லிக்கயிறும்
 அமுந்திய சீராவும் தூக்கிய கருங்கோவையும்
 தொங்கலும் தனிமாலையும்
 தளிருமிளிர்மாய் நிற்கிற நிலையும்
 சாற்றியதிருத்தண்டையும்
 சதிரான வீரக்கழலும் தஞ்சமான தாளிணையும்
 குந்தியிட்ட கணைக்கால்களும் குளிரவைத்த திருவடி மலரும்
 வாய்த்த திருமணங்கொல்லையும்
 வயலாலி மணவாளனும்
 வாடினேன் வாடி வாழ்வித்தருளிய
 நீலக்கலிகன்றி மருவலர்தமுடல்துணிய
 வாள் வீசும் பரகாலன் மங்கை மன்னனான வடிவே

உறைகழித்த வாளையொத்த விழிமடந்தை மாதர்மேல்
 உருகவைத்த மனமொழித்திவ் வுலகளந்த நம்பிமேல்
 குறையைவைத்து மடலெடுத்த குறையலாளி திருமணங்
 கொல்லைதன்னில் வழிபறித்த குற்றமற்ற செங்கையான்
 மறையுரைத்த மந்திரத்தை மாலுரைக்கவன்முனே
 மடியொதுக்கி மனமடக்கி வாய்புதைத்து வென்னலார்
 கறைகுளித்த வேலணைத்து நின்றவிந்த நிலைமையென்
 கண்ணை விட்டகன்றிடாது கலையானனை யானையே.

காதும் சொரிமுத்தும் கையும் கதிர்வேலும்
 தாதுபுனை தாளிணையும் தனிச்சிலம்பும்—நீதிபுனை
 தென்னூலி நாடன் திருவழகைப் போல
 என்னுணை யொப்பா ரில்லையே.

வேலணைத்தமார்பும் விளங்கு திருவெட்டெழுத்தை
 மாலுரைக்கத் தாழ்த்த வலச்செவியும்—தாளினிணைத்
 தண்டையும் வீரக்கழலும் தார்க்கலியன் நன்முகமும்
 கண்டு களிக்கு மென் கண்.

இதுவோ திருவரசு இதுவோ திருமணங்கொல்லை
 இதுவோ எழிலாலி என்னுமூர்—இதுவோதான்
 வெட்டுங்கலியன் வெருட்டி நெடுமலை
 எட்டெழுத்தும் பறித்தவிடம்.

TIRUVAIMOLI PROJECT

This year, after completing a read-through (Parayanam) of the Tiruvaimoli, we launched on an ambitious project to reconstruct its musical rendering, a work ascribed to Nathamuni (10th. cent?), though hitherto not attempted in recent history. Our "enforced" stay in Alwar-Tirunagari came as an unexpected blessing for inspiration. There, by the shrine of the saint stands the venerable tamarind tree which stood witness to the Nammalwar-Madhurakavi saga. Residing in Alwar-Tirunagari, we tried to enter into the spirit of the work, to unravel its secret delights.

The Tiruvaimoli is literally an ocean, pacific, deep, and wide. It is easy to become drowned in the meaning, and perhaps that too is its joy. Our challenge lay in immersing ourselves deep, then emerging over the surface laden with its gems. We have brought out decads 4.1 to 5.10 this year, -translated in free English verse, music written out in svara-notation, learnt by rote, taught, and performed. We trust this is an improvement over our earlier attempts, which were random selections.

During this work, which took about three months from mid-September to mid-December, we were fortunate to visit most of the temple shrines that Nammalwar has sung of in these decads. We were struck by the fullness of life touching the remotest parts of the countryside everywhere. We felt, strangely, taken back into time by several centuries, because the idyllic surroundings fitted in every way the descriptions in Nammalwar's poetry—the white storks, the marshy paddy fields, lotus and lily flowers in water-tanks, the tall areca, coconut and plantain groves, the green flowing waters of the rivers.

The deities residing in the temples were all a source of inspiration, but most of all the Lord at Tirukkurungudi, fondly addressed as Alagiya Nambi. Perhaps this is not surprising, because the Lord is also described as Nada-vinoda Nambi, fond of music, and some twentytwo families of Arayars are said to have resided there at one time.

Our translation is strictly not word-to-word, nor is it a poetic rendering. It is more in the nature of "sleeve notes" for the music. But it is, we believe, the first concerted effort to translate the work in its entirety. Attempts by others more competent have only treated the poem in parts, often adapted.

A word about the music also. The TTD and some other bodies have, in recent times, released cassette recordings of Pasurams from the Divya prabandham, and often an unpleasant reference is made to these when we talk to people about our work. From the time we brought to the fore VVS's rendering of the Tiruppallandu, we have been at pains to distinguish between merely setting a Pasuram to tune and bringing back to life the text through music. Our effort has been in the latter, and our notes on Madal, Naicyanusandhanam, and Payvirattal, appearing elsewhere in this Journal, will testify to the validity of our claim.

The music is set for the first Pasuram of each decad, and one other (generally the second). These are called the Uyir Pasurams. The others are repeated in the same strain, or recited freely. There appears to be an ambiguity in the prevailing terminology of "Tiruvaimoli" and "Pattu", when translated. I have preferred to call a group of ten (actually eleven, including the Phalasruti) Pasurams a decad, and follow the decimal system thereafter.

Once again, we must acknowledge our deep indebtedness to our Guru VVS who showed us the way to take in deeply the text of Pasurams, feel it in its wholeness, then sing it as it comes, keeping euphony of tone and rhythm uppermost. "You must make it your own", he would say, and this has been an advice of lasting value.

The strongest incentive for good work can only be the feedback one receives from responsive readers, discerning listeners, scholars and students. We seek this in abundant measure, for the continuance of the work to completion.

Kaisiki Ekadasi, 12-12-86.
Alwar Tirunagari.

Srirama Bharati
Sowbhagya Lakshmi

TVM 4.1 Orunayakam

1. Contemplate, quick, the feet of Tirunarayana and rise !
For, monarchs who rule the world as one empire
Do one day go begging, for all the world to see,
Leg bitten by black bitch, bowl broken, shamed.
2. Come quick and join the feet of the Lord with radiant crown !
They who ruled the world with vassals paying tribute
Have one day left their harem for others to enjoy their
queens,
And spent their days in misery under blazing forest sun.
3. Quick, think of the fragrant Tulasi crowned Krishna's feet.
They who ruled with great kettledrums beating in their
porticos
Over kings who touched their feet with their heads,
Do one day become pulverised to dust.
4. Begun to count, more numerous than the sand grains on the
dunes.
Are the kings that have ruled and left the earth over ages.
Save their forts razed to ground, nothing do we see of them.
Worship the feet of the Lord who killed the rut-elephant.
5. They who enjoyed sweet union with coiffured nymphs.
Who vied with each other for favours on soft cool flowery
beds
Do now roam dangling a loin-cloth, scorned and laughed
at by all.
Live by uttering the name of the Lord of radiant gem-hue.
6. Those who lived well did but live like bubbles in a mighty
shower.
Those who lived from then to now are naught.
If you wish to live well and remain,
Serve the Lord who reclines in the deep ocean.
7. After feasting well on six-tasty meals
They would feast again, cajoled by sweet-tongued nymphs.
Now they go begging from house to house for a morsel.
So recall the glories of our Tulasi-crowned Lord.

8. Even good benign kings of canopied fame,
Who make generous grants and win the world
And rule in fragrant happiness must one day fall.
Learn the names of the serpent-couch Lord, for permanence.
9. Even those that cut attachments, tame their senses,
And mortify their bodies till weeds grow on them,
Are still left without a goal. They enjoy heaven, and return.
Reach for the Garuda-banner Lord, there is no return.
10. Seers who contemplate on consciousness, giving up all else,
Do attain the heaven of Atman. But memory remains,
And brings them back to passion. Then there is no liberation.
Hold on to the feet of the deathless Lord, that alone is
liberation.
11. This decad of the beautiful thousand songs,
By Satakopa of dense flower-groved Kurugur,
Are addressed to the feet of Krishna, sole refuge.
Those who learn it shall live free from despair.

TVM 42 Balanai

1. Alas, my frail daughter swoons
Asking for the cool Tulasi from the feet of the Lord
Who swallowed the seven worlds with ease,
And slept as a child on a fig leaf.
2. O the vicious noose trapping my daughter!
She asks for the fragrant Tulasi from the feet of the Lord,
Who shamelessly played amorous sports
With cowherd girls of tendril-thin waists.
3. O the heavy pall! My daughter cries for the
Golden hued Tulasi garland
Adorning the lotus feet of the Lord
Whose praise is sung by Vedic seers and celestials.
4. My sinful daughter of broad shoulders prates only
Of the golden Tulasi garland on the radiant feet
Of the Lord who is praised by raving philosophers.

5. My pretty daughter weakens day by day,
Thinking of the cool Tulasi garland on the feet
Of the Lord who killed seven bulls for Nappinnai's hand,
The cowherd prince who danced with pots.
6. My daughter has become mad repeating her desire
For the golden Tulasi on the feet of the Lord
Who took the form of a boar in the beginning of creation
To lift beautiful earth-dame from deluge waters.
7. O ladies of radiant forehead!
My foolish daughter pines away
For the cool fragrant Tulasi garland on the feet of the Lord
Who bears the Lotus-dame Lakshmi on his chest.
8. O ladies, what shall I do?
She covets only the fragrance-wafting Tulasi garland
On the feet of the Lord who gutted Lanka with arrows,
For the love of beautiful Sita.
9. O ladies, you too have brought up daughters with love.
How shall I describe my poor one's plight?
She prates about conch and discus, and Tulasi
On and on, by day and and by night. What shall I do!
10. What shall I do, O ladies? My foolish tender one
Does not heed my words, nor obey my commands.
She withers for the Tulasi garland from the jeweled Krishna's
feet,
As her only proper ornament for her gold-girdled breasts.
11. This decad of the thousand beautiful songs
By Satakopa of beautiful Kurugur city,
Are addressed to Krishna's feet, the cure for love-sickness.
Those who can recite it will be fitting company for celestials.

TVM 4:3 Kovai Vayal

1. O Lord who battled a horde of bulls for coral-lipped
(Nappinnai),
Who Killed Lanka's king with arrows and rutted
elephant with his tusk,
I have not worshipped thee with 'fragrant flowers and
water;
My heart is the sandal paste for thy cool flower like face.
2. For my Lord, the one, who swallowed the universe, then
made it!
My heart is sandal paste, my poem a fitting garland
Is also his radiant vestment.
My folded hands are his big radiant jewels.
3. You became the one, the two, the three, and the many,
Then the five elements, the twin orbs, and all the souls.
O Narayana! Then you ascended a serpent couch and
slept in the ocean!
Fitting your Being into my body, my soul has overcome
sorrow
4. O chief of the cowherd clan, O Madhava, O Vamana,
Destroyer of poison-breasted demoness (Putana),
I do not worship you timely with fresh flower garlands,
My whole life is a garland worthy of being wrapped on
your crown.
5. For Krishna, my Lord, who bears the wheel of time,
My life is the perfect garland, my love his radiant crown.
His countless jewels and even his vestments are my love.
Even his praise the three worlds sing are my love.
6. I cry and call out O bearer of the wheel of time,
Bearer of white conch, Narayana who swallowed the
universe, then made it.
Even if nothing happens, your tinkling lotus-feet become
my head's ornaments.

7. O lovely dwarf who extended tinkling feet and took the
earth,
O Lord who stands as refuge for those who come with
folded hands,
I do not worship you with fragrant flowers and water.
Yet your mysterious radiance stands guard over my soul.
8. Filling the seven fair worlds, you became them all.
O icon of brilliant knowledge, borne by my soul!
My soul is yours, your soul is mine; how can I say how?
9. I am not fit to describe your infinite glory-flood,
When will I reach its banks? I swoon with love.
O indifferent Lord, faultless effulgence!
Great and good Celestials stand and sing your praise;
I too sang.
10. Even if I sing his praise, and all the seven worlds join,
And the Lord himself sings his own praise, would we
come to an end?
Sweet like milk, honey, sugar and ambrosia!
I too sang that I may rejoice.
11. This decad of the faultless thousand songs
By Satakopa of Kurugur with lotus fields
Are addressed to the feet of Krishna, sole refuge.
Those who sing it will rejoice here and rule over heaven

TVM 4.4 Mannai Irundu

1. O ladies with raining bangles! What can I do? He has
made my daughter love-sick.
She caresses the earth and says "this is Vamana's earth".
She points to the sky and says "that is his Vaikuntha".
Her heart's grief overflows from her eyes; "ocean-hued Lord"
she sighs.
2. She folds her bangled hands saying "The Lord sleeps in the
ocean".
She points to the red sun and says "There is Sridhara's
form".
With tears welling, she swoons, then only says "Narayana".
Ladies! I can scarcely understand my godly fawn's deeds.
3. She fondles the known red fire unhurt and says "this is
Acyuta".
She fondles the blowing cold wind and says "here comes
Govinda".
Woe is me, she smells strongly of Tulasi flowers—
The things my bangled fawn does these days!
4. She points to the radiant moon and says "radiant gem-hued
Lord".
She looks at a standing mountain and calls "Come, my Lord!"
She sees a pouring rain and dances "Narayana has come".
When did He cast such spells on my tender one?
5. She hugs tender chubby calves and says "Govinda has
grazed these".
She goes after a young snake and says "there is Govinda's
bed".
Woe is me, I know not where this will end,
The spells that the Lord has cast on my tender daughter!

6. Seeing an acrobat dance on a pot, she runs saying "that is
Govinda alright".
Hearing a stray flute melody, she runs saying "That is
Govinda".
Seeing tempting milkmaids' butter, she says "the butter
he ate".
Such is her madness for the Lord who drank Putana's
breasts.
7. Her madness rises, as she says "all this is Krishna's
creation".
Seeing men wearing mud on forehead she runs saying
"The Lord's devotees".
Seeing fragrant Tulasi flowers, she says "This is
Narayana's garland".
This precious girl is obsessed with God, in her madness
and out of it.
8. Seeing wealthy nobles, she says "I have seen my Tirumal".
Seeing a shapely rainbow she dances saying "Vamana
measured the earth".
All temples with icons are her ocean-hued Krishna's temples.
Through fear and fatigue she seeks His feet, without
a break.
9. Seeing saintly men she says eagerly "Lord who swallowed
the Universe".
Seeing dark laden clouds she calls "Krishna!" and tries
to fly.
Seeing herds of cattle, she says "the Lord is there among
them" and follows.
My hard-begotten daughter is afflicted to tears by the Lord.
10. She swoons, and stares, blankly into the distance, and
sweats.
Tears fall like rain; she sighs hotly and weakly calls
"Krishna".
And "Come my Lord". Woe is me, what shall I do?
My daughter is smitten by a maddening love-sickness.
11. This decad of the thousand songs, is addressed
By Kurugur Saint Satakopa, to benevolent Krishna.
Those who learn it as good words will end misery,
Enter Vaikuntha, and reign worshipped by all.

TVM 4.7 Cilamilla

1. I stand with hands joined over my head and call incessantly,
"O Lord who swallowed the Universe, icon of knowledge,
Narayana"
And many other names; You do not show yourself nor call
me unto you.
Alas, I am a wretched low-born, great indeed are my
misdeeds!
2. I stand and call out night and day "O benevolent Lord,
Faultless uncontainable flood of joy, Lord who measured
the earth,"
And many such names. Vicious Lord, you do not come,
Grant that my eyes may see you!
3. I call and call, pouring my heart in tears, my 'Lord'!
"Lord who took the earth in one leap, Damodara," and
many such.
Alas! how many dark indelible acts I must have done;
You do not even say, "Sinner" when I come to see you.
4. "My Lord of superior golden hue, excellence whom the gods
Even through penance cannot see, thus and thus I cry here
Shamelessly, of what use? Alas! I am a lowly self.
You do not come before my eyes and show your lotus face.
5. My father, bearer of sharp discus, mighty one who churned
the ocean,
Will it ever happen that I see you with your four arms?
All the time with tears, my life drying bit by bit,
I keep looking. Lord, come right now to this hapless self.

6. Everyday, everywhere, and in all beings you stand,
In my body, in my soul, and in all things without exception.
I think and think, look and look, and try to see you in
my soul.
Alas, I have a loose tongue but no faculty!
7. Lord of fragrant Tulasi garland, in the depth of my soul
I saw you as icon of pure knowledge.
Losing myself in thought and recovering time and again,
Through birth and death I have held you high, and over-
come despair.
8. When I see you, I shall pour flowers on your feet to my
hands' content
Brought from the eight quarters, then praise and praise.
And all we devotees will sing and dance in joy.
O Lord of beautiful Tulasi garland! Will you not come to this
ocean-girdled earth!
9. I have no benevolence, no riches, no power over my senses,
Nor steadfast devotion to worship you with flowers
everyday;
Only a sinful heart in love. Sinful me, I search,
Where can I find you, O Lord of discus?
10. Tears welling, feeling low, I roam and look everywhere.
Alas I do not see my Lord of discus.
With proper mind's eye I shall see and enjoy
That great icon of knowledge and light of the Vedas.
11. This decad of the perfect thousand Tamil songs,
Sung by Satakopa of dense-housed Kurugur city,
Are addressed with embracing love to lotus-eyed Krishna.
Those who can sing and dance it with love will ascend
heaven.

TVM 4.8 Eralum

1. The offensive well-armed Lord has it all arranged
To destroy clannish Asuras by the score.
The bull-rider (Siva), quarters-faced (Brahma) and
lotus-dame (Lakshmi) reign in his peerless frame.
If he does not desire my spotless beauty, we have nothing
to lose.
2. The gem-hued Lord with mountain shoulders bears the
fierce discus,
The peerless lotus dame Lakshmi resides on his chest,
He has taken me into his service fully.
If he does not desire my frail heart, we have nothing to lose.
3. The great Lord who sleeps on the hooded bed has mountain
shoulders.
He is the child wonder who drank from the breasts
Of the demoness who came disguised as a fond mother.
If he does not desire my comeliness, we have nothing to
lose.
4. The Lord bears pearl necklaces, dyed red robes, milk-pail and
grazing staff.
He deftly subdued seven fierce bulls for the joy of embracing
The breasts of comely Nappinnai with slender bamboo-
shoulders.
If he does not desire my pink cheeks, we have nothing to
lose.
5. The Lord of exceeding perfection bears the fragrant Tulasi
crown.
For the sake of parrot tongued beautiful Sita in confinement.
He burnt the fierce demon Ravana's ocean-girdled city.
If he does not desire my mind, we have nothing to lose.

6. That thinking men in the wide world may know, he
expounded
The paths of truth. The great figure of knowledge appeared
As a clever dwarf and took the earth in great strides.
If he does not desire my youth, we have nothing to lose.
7. He burst forth as a fierce lion-form exuding immense
radiance,
And tore apart the radiant Hiranya's wide chest with great
relish
He bears the resplendent discus and conch.
If he does not desire my jewelled bangles, we have
nothing to lose.
8. The Lord of great fame then did blow with his curved conch
A great booming sound which consigned the rebellious
(Kauravas)
To the flames and ended the world's misery; and the three
gods praised.
If he does not desire my jewelled belt, we have nothing to
lose.
9. He cut asunder the shoulders of mighty Bana, good father of
Slender-waisted jewel-belted nymph(Usha). He lies 'sleeping
On a serpent engaged in Yoga, ensuring all the world's good
If he does not desire my body, we have nothing to lose.
10. He cut to pieces with joy many huge-bodied Asura clans,
And laid them like lifeless rocks. The matted hair Siva
With torrential Ganga reigns in solitude on his right side.
If he does not desire my life, we have nothing to lose.
11. This decad of the faultless thousand songs on the Lord of the
Universe,
By Satakopa, saint of Kurugur city,
Are addressed to the Lord who ate curds and butter.
Those who sing it will cut asunder birth and attain heaven.

TVM 4.9 Nannadar

1. Strangers laugh and good relatives weep
Over countless miseries the world heaps; what ways are these?
Lord with beautiful eyes who churned the ocean!
Tell me quick the path to your feet, or give me death,
2. Kith and kin heap destruction and death,
Cheat each other, fall and weep. What ways are these?
O Lord on serpent couch, I see no way for myself.
[Heed my prayer, find a way and call me unto you, quick.
3. Gaiety, friendship, kith and kin and bountiful wealth,
Flower-tressed women, house and all, depart at death.
Ocean hued Lord, I cannot bear this world, what ways are these?
Do not treat me as in the past; pray call me to your service quick.
4. Great wealth kindles a raging fire of desire,
Then wraps a cover of darkness.
Benevolent gem-hued Lord, what ways are these?
Wean me by your grace, and grant me your feet.
5. In the world that blossomed from the deluge waters,
All beings suffer the pain of birth, death, disease and age
And after that, hell. What ways are these?
Gem hued Lord, pray do not forsake me, take me there!

6. They forsake, chain, beat, kill and eat.
Who ever realizes the truth? What ways are these!
Lord of Tulasi crown, my ambrosia; Sinner that I am,
You changed me and took my service; now call me to your feet.
7. When you are yourself the sentient and the insentient
In all this world, existing for no other reason,
Beyond disease, age, birth, death, and misery,
Pray do not show me the wicked world. Call me, you must.
8. You show yourself and vanish,
You make the world, and with it, earth, water, fire, air and sky.
May I cross the great sphere, abode of the gods,
And reach your radiant high feet, O when will that be!
9. Lord on serpent couch, you make even the gods roam without redemption,
I too know this. Shearing me of desires,
You have made me bear your feet and roam.
I now see my inseparability to your unattainable lotus feet!
10. The pleasures of seeing, hearing, touching, smelling, tasting,
And the limited joy of heaven unattainable through the senses,
I have seen; only you and the fair bangled Lakshmi are permanent.
What skill, my Lord! I have attained your lotus feet.
11. This decad of the thousand pure Tamil songs,
By prosperous Kurugur city's Satakopa,
Is addressed to the feet of effulgent Narayana, Kesava.
Recited with humility, it will secure the Lord's feet.

TVM 4.10 Onrum Tevum

1. Then, when none of the gods, worlds, beings, and aught
else existed,
He made Brahma, with him the gods, worlds and all
the beings.
In fair Kurugur where jewelled houses rise like mountains,
He stands as Adipiran. Then what other God do you seek ?
2. O men of the world! Then he created you and the gods
you worship.
With unending goodness and fame, He resides willingly
in Kurugur
Temple surrounded by balconied palaces.
Sing and dance and praise Him, roaming everywhere.
3. All the gods and all the worlds He made, in a trice He
swallowed,
Then hid, then issued, then traversed, then shifted all;*
now speak.
O men of the world! Knowing this, you still do not
understand.
Other than His form in Kurugur, worshipped by gods,
there is no God
4. He is the monarch of Siva, Brahma and the other gods
you speak of.
See this for yourself in Kapala Moksha** How does it
help the Linga-worshippers
To speak ill of the Lord who resides
In radiant Kurugur city surrounded by high walls?
5. Look, all ye who quote the Linga-purana, Jainas and
Bouddhas !
Instead of arguing endlessly, praise the Lord who stands
in Kurugur
Where tall ears of corn blow gently in the wind like whisks;
He is you and all your gods, this no lie.

* The story of creation, and of Vamana, Kurma Avataras.

** The story of Brahma's one head being clipped by Siva, then being redeemed by Vishnu.

6. You who desolately worship lowly gods have been relegated
to this,
Because if all attain liberation, there will be no world.
This is the sport of the clever Lord of Kurugur city where
Golden paddy and lotus flowers abound. Try to figure
this out and run.
7. Running tirelessly, taking numerous births, worshipping
lesser gods,
You have tried so many paths to truth. Now become
servants
Of Adimurti, Lord of Kurugur whom celestials stand in
hordes and worship.
The beautiful Garuda dances on his banner.
8. Then it was Narayana's grace which protected Markandeya
When he took refuge in the naked-god (Siva).
When the great Adipiran stands in Kurugur city
Surrounded by stork-white Pandanus hedges, what
other do you praise?
9. The six expounded doctrines * and those like them**
cannot fathom him. Thus he sits, as Adipiran.
In Kurugur surrounded by beautiful fields,
If you seek liberation, bear him in your heart.
10. He contains within his faultless frame all gods, worlds
and all else.
He resides in fertile Kurugur where paddy and sugarcane
grow tall.
He came as a dwarf, he danced with an array of pots.
Service to him alone is fit and proper.
11. This decad of the faultless thousand songs,
Sung with love by Kurugur city's Maran Satakopa,
Are addressed to Adipiran, Lord of discus and Makula
flower garlands.
Those who recite this have access to the other Vaikuntha,
city of no return.

* Sankhya, Yoga, Vaisesika, Bauddha, Jaina, Pasupaty.

1 ** Mimamsa, Nastika.

TVM 5.1 Kaiyar Cakkaram

1. Uttering "Holder of bright discus," "My gem-hued Lord"
And many such shallow praises, I have roamed and danced,
And attained the truth. Who can oppose what fortune
favours?
My Lord, Krishna, if you leave me now, can I bear it?
2. I only said "Lord who entered the Marudu trees,"
"My uncut gem, my sweet ambrosia, sweet as honey"
and a few such lies. Lo, My Lord himself has become me.
The sky and earth and all else are within me!
3. I uttered in lip-service, while inside was something else.
A few lies like "Benevolent Lord, gem-hued Lord" and such
others.
Shedding my deceiving nature, I have seen you, and found
liberation.
Lord reclining in the ocean! Now what other refuge do I
have?
4. Though I say words like "What other refuge do I have,"
Rogue that I am, I have not the power to wean my soul
from the world!
Strengthen my heart, dry my tears, and move closer to you,
My Krishna, rid me of my dross and call me unto you.
5. Krishna, Lord of celestials, dark-gem, ambrosial delight!
I have reached you, yet not attained you. Between us you
have placed a body,
Tied me securely with strong cords of Karma, covered the
wound neatly.
And cast me out into this deceptive wide world.

6. Dark hues Lord! You have embraced me all over!
My strong Karmas of repeated miserable births have ceased.
I have seen to my satisfaction your four radiant shoulders,
Your red lips and lotus eyes, and the discus of cause-effect
in your hands.
7. The Lord of discus, Overlord, where does he belong, who
am I?
Simply calling "Saviour of the elephant" with hands over
head,
I have become his true lover; he too has become mine.
However strong the sin, when his grace comes, it shall
come, just see!
8. The Lord worshipped by celestials and monarchs
Has come this day and occupied my lowly heart.
Henceforth, my mother, my father, my children,
My wealth, my fish-eyed women are all He.
9. Like a ship caught in stormy ocean calling out in distress,
I stood shivering in the ocean of birth and called.
With exceeding grace and divinity, conch and discus in
hand
He heard me and came to me, and became one with me.
10. Seeing that he had a faithful servant in me, he came elated.
Of his own sweet grace, he became one with me.
The dark Lord who was fish and tortoise and man-lion,
Dwarf and wild boar, shall come again as Kalki, just see!
11. This decad of the thousand pure Tamil songs,
By Satakopa of Kurugur surrounded by bullock-ploughed
fields,
Are addressed to the dark hues Lord of lotus-red eyes.
Those who sing it shall rise and attain his lotus feet.

TVM 5.2 Poliga

1. Hail! Hail! Hail! Gone is the curse of existence.
Painful hell hath relented, Yama has no work here anymore.
Even Kali shall end, just see! The ocean-hued Lord's spirits
Have descended on earth in hordes. We have seen them
singing and dancing everywhere.
2. We have seen visions sweet to the eyes, we have seen, we
have seen!
Come devotees all, worship, praise and shout in joy.
The spirits of Tulasi crowned Madhava are roaming the earth,
They are seen standing singing Pann-s and dancing every-
where.
3. The rolling age of Kali is ending, the gods have also entered.
The golden age of Krita begins, and boundless joy floods
the land.
The spirits of my dark ocean-hued Lord have come singing
songs.
They have densely packed the earth and occupied every nook
4. All the heretic schools are being cleared like weeds;
The spirits of our mighty ocean-reclining Lord
Are singing many many songs; Lying, sitting, standing.
Walking, flying, dancing, they are performing plays.
5. The Lord's spirits have miraculously entered the earth.
They stand everywhere, their acts alone occupy my vision.
Have no doubt, devotees, if there are Asuras and Rakshasas
born among you,
There is no escape; their days will end in death.

6. The discus-Lord's devotees have come to stay,
To rid the world of soul-consuming disease, war, hunger and
all evils.
They have spread everywhere, singing in mirth and dancing
in ecstasy.
Cease thought, devotees, go worship them and be saved.
7. Know that your fond gods can save you only through His
grace;
Markandeya is proof.
Have no doubt, there is no god other than Krishna.
All that exist are His forms, so worship Him alone.
8. He is the Lord of gods, himself becoming the gods in all the
worlds.
It is He who accepts the offering you make to your gods.
The spirits of the mole-chested Lord have filled the earth
Singing songs; so shed hatred, love, worship and liberate
yourselves.
9. The world has become filled with devotees and holy men.
Who lovingly worship Acyuta, unflinching in the path of know-
ledge,
With full flowers, incense, lamp, sandal, water, and Vedic
mantras,
You too join in loving worship, and liberate yourselves.
10. In all the great worlds, all the dense hordes of gods,
and even Siva, Brahma, Indra and others stand and worship
Krishna.
Devotees, if you can join them in loving worship,
There shall be nothing of the age of Kali.
11. This decad of the famous thousand songs,
Sung by Karimaran Satakopa of Kurugur surrounded by happy
fields,
Are addressed to the wonder-Lord, radiant Krishna destroyer
of Kali.
This will cleanse devotees hearts.

TVM 5.3 Masaru codi

- * 1. I sought my ever-radiant faultless First-Lord, My red-lipped spotless mountain-gem.
How long ago I became impassioned and slipped into madness! what harm can the world's slanderous gossip do, Sakhi?
2. My red lotus-eyed Lord has possessed me.
I have lost the red in my cheeks, my frame has waned;
My red lips and black eyes have lost their charm.
Now what can the world's gossip do to us, Sakhi?
3. The red-lipped Lord who sucked the life out of Putana's breasts
And stopped the speeding chariot with his foot has possessed me.
Night and day I prate of nothing save Him.
What can the world's gossip do to us, Sakhi?
4. The dark-cloud Lord planted seeds of love in my heart.
The world's gossip made good manure; my mother's words
Poured water over the fields. Now my passion swells like the sea.
Tell me sakhi, is our Krishna mean?
5. May be the Lord is selfish, wicked and far away.
May be he is a world grabber, and hard to understand.
Pity! My wicked heart still longs for him alone, what can mother do?
O Sakhi, you have a slender waist, but a frail heart!

6. Whatever mother may do, whatever the world may say,
Sakhis, henceforth you have no love from me.
For, I am caught in the drag-net of my gem-hued Lord,
King of Dwaraka, Vasudeva, the ancient Lord of celestials.
7. The Lord who caught me in his dragnet, called my good heart
unto Him,
Reclines in the deep ocean with discus in hand.
O Sakhi with broad jewelled hips, will we ever see him
with these eyes,
And worship him in the presence of these fair ladies?
8. The Lord drank the demoness's breasts, stopped the chariot,
Entered the Marudu trees, ripped the bird's beak, and
killed the rutted elephant.
He has a clear smile and coral lips.
O when will we reach him and put these ladies to shame?
9. The Lord who stole my shame and called my heart unto him
Resides over celestials in high heaven.
By Him, I swear, let the world heap slander,
Acting unbridled, I now ascend the Palmyra stalk
(Madal).
10. After we have ridden the Palmyra stalk through every street,
Without feminine grace, making the women
Speak unspeakable slander, while the world raves,
We shall wear the soothing Tulasi flowers from the
discus Lord.
11. This decad of the replete Andadi of thousand songs,
By Satakopa of fragrant bowered Kurugur,
Are addressed to Krishna dark as the roaring seas,
Those who sing it will find vaikuntha wherever they live.

TVM 5.4 Urellam

1. The populace sleeps, the world is pitch-darkness.
The waters have become calm, night stretches into eternity.
The Lord who swallowed the earth sleeps on a serpent
couch.
He comes not, alas ! Who can save my sinful soul now?
2. A ghastly pall engulfs the sea, earth and sky.
Stretching into one sinister night.
My golden hued Krishna does not come, alas !
O sinful heart, you too are not with me. Who can save me
anymore ?
3. See, you are not with me, O heart !
The long night stretches into an aeon.
My Kakutstha wielding the scorching bow does not come.
Sinner, born as a female, I know not how to end my life.
4. The radiant sun too has hid himself,
Unable to bear the sight of a maiden in distress.
My black bull, Lord with large eyes and red lips
Does not come. Who can cure my love-sickness?
5. Who inquires of me? My mother and my Sakhis
Sleep through the night never asking what happened.
My dark-hued Krishna too does not come.
Wicked me, my name will tell tales and not let me die!

6. An incurable love-sickness torments my soul.
An aeon of darkness hangs over my sunken eyes.
My discus Lord eternal too does not come.
Who on earth can save this soul?
7. The sky is filled with dense powdered pitch.
The long night stretches like an aeon.
The Lord of spotless conch and discus does not appear.
Ye gods ! What shall I do ? My acts are wicked as fire.
8. A single night stretches into seven aeons, ye gods!
Hanging over my person and thinning my soul.
Alas ! My Krishna with discus does not come.
The cool spring-breeze scorches like fire; what shall I do?
9. Darkness packed with fine pitch scorches like fire.
The beautiful tall chariot of the Sun does not appear, alas.
The wealthy Lord of lotus eyes too does not come, alas.
Who can cure my heart's malady? Alas, I stand and melt.
10. Like me, the wide sky too melts
Passing into fine droplets into the night.
The world sleeps tight, alas, not once saying
The Lord who measured the earth then shall not come.
11. This decad of the colourful radiant Andadi of thousand
songs
By Satakopa of Kurugur surrounded by excellent groves,
Are addressed to the Lord who did yoga like one sleeping.
Reciting this will secure heaven after death.

TVM 5.5 Ennaneyo

1. After seeing the beautiful Lord at Tirukkurungudi,
My heart yearns for his conch and his discus, his lotus eyes,
And his peerless coral lips. How now, ladies, that you
blame me?
2. Look through my heart's eyes; do not blame me.
After seeing the Lord in palm-groved Tirukkurungudi,
His sacred thread, his ear ornaments, his mole chest
His beautiful jewels and his four arms stand before me
everywhere.
3. Mother, you blame me saying, "she stands, she falters, she
swoons",
Eversince, I saw the Lord in tall-mansioned Tirukkurungudi.
His victorious bow, mace, dagger, discus and conch
Appear before me everywhere, never leaving my eyes and
heart,
4. Mother, you blame me for tears that swell endlessly in my
eyes.
After I saw the Lord at nectar-groved Tirukkurungudi,
His beautiful garland of Tulasi flowers, his golden crown,
His face, his silken threads and belt haunt my wretched self.
5. Mother, you blame me saying "she stands and stares, she
swoons".
After I saw the Lord of great fame in Tirukkurungudi,
His glowing coral lips, his long eyebrows, his perfect lotus
eyes
Have possessed my wretched soul I

6. After seeing the Lord of cool-grove Tirukkurungudi,
His beautiful slender nose, his lotus eyes, his coral lips,
His blue frame, and his four shoulders, have filled my heart
My mother lets none see me saying "she will bring further
blame on our fair name."
7. After seeing the Lord of exceeding fame in Tirukkurungudi,
His beautiful golden form of exceeding radiance has filled
my heart.
He stands everywhere wielding a discus in his beautiful
hand,
My mother says "she is a great scourge on our fair house-
hold".
8. Ladies, you blame me saying "she buries her face in her
hands, she swoons".
After seeing the Lord in Tirukkurungudi surrounded by tall
houses,
His red lotus eyes, his hips, his slender waist, his face,
His long dark tresses, and his low shoulders stand before my
sinful self.
9. Mothers, and Sakhis, you blame me saying, "You are a
disgrace".
After I saw the Lord in Tirukkurungudi of strongly built
houses,
His tall crown and his countless jewels leave not my heart,
Sweet like milk and sugar.
10. My mother lets no one see me, saying "she is growing
amorous day by day".
After seeing the Lord of abiding fame in Tirukkurungudi,
A radiant form flooding effulgence appears in my heart,
Worshipped by hordes of celestials, hard for anyone's under-
standing.
11. This decad of the thousand well-known songs, are
By fair Kurugur's Satakopa on the Lord at Tirukkurungudi,
The incomprehensible discus-bearer, sung with flowers.
Those who sing it with understanding will unite with Vishnu
while on earth.

TVM 5.6. Kadalnam

1. My daughter roams the earth reciting : "I made this earth.
I am the earth and the ocean. It was I who took the earth.
It was I who lifted the earth; it was I who swallowed the
earth".
Has the Lord possessed her? O people, how can I make you
understand?
2. My daughter recites, "I cannot be understood.
I am that understanding. I generate understanding."
Has the understanding Lord descended on her?
O understanding people, what can I say?
3. The things my possessed daughter says I "All the earth is me I
All the sky is me; all the fire is me.
All the air is me; All the ocean is me."
Has the all-seeing Lord entered her? O witnesses of the
world, what shall I say?
4. The things my red-lipped daughter does! "All that is done is
me;
All that remains undone is me; all that has been done is also
me.
I enjoy the fruit of all action; motivation too is me".
Has the lotus eyed Lord gotten her? Fair people of the
world, what can I say?
5. "Unfailingly I rule over the earth," my daughter says, then
"Unfailingly I lifted the mountain, killed the Asuras,
Then showing my might, protected the five. The ocean too
was churned by me".
Has the ocean-hued Lord taken her? O severe people of the
world, what can I say?

6. My Val eyed daughter prates "I am the chief of the cowherd
clan.
It was I who grazed the calves. It was I who lifted the
mountain,
It was I who protected the cattle. It was I who killed the
seven bulls."
Has the Lord of celestials possessed her? O severe people,
what can I say?
7. The things my fond daughter prates: "I have no friends"
she says,
Then "All here are my friends" and "It is I who makes bonds,
It is I who breaks bonds. The bond between friends too is
me".
Has the peerless Lord possessed her? O friendly people of
the world, what can I say?
8. The things my tender sapling says! "Speak ye of the three
eyed Lord?
He is me; Four-headed Lord is me. Celestials too are me.
The Lord of celestials is me. The sages too are but me".
Has the cloud-hued Lord taken her? O talkative people of
the world, what can I say?
9. My wicked tender daughter prates, "I have no wickedness of
any kind,"
Then, "I am the wickedness of deeds, I am the redeemer of
wickedness.
I am the doer of wicked deeds. I am the destroyer of
wicked Lanka".
Has the Garuda-riding Lord gotten her? O wicked people of
the world, what can I say?
10. My beautiful coiffured daughter raves; "Beautiful heaven is
me.
The ugly hell too is me. The effulgent liberation is me.
The beautiful souls are all me. The beautiful first-cause too
is me".
Has the cloud-hued Lord taken her. O beautiful people of
the world, what can I say?
11. This dæad of the garland of thousand choicest Tamil songs
By fertile Valudi (Pandya) kingdom Kurugur's Satakopa,
Are addressed to the Lord who is consort of Sri, Bhu, and
Nila.
Those who can sing it will serve the Lord's devotees with
great wealth.

TVM 5.7 Norranonbilen

1. I have not done penances, I have no subtle intelligence,
Yet no more can I bear to be separated from you even
for a moment.
Lord who resides in fertile Srivaramangalanagar,
Where red lotus and paddy abound, I am not one too
many for you there I
2. Lord who destroyed Lanka, I am neither here nor there.
Fallen in the desire to see you, I stand nowhere.
Lord of discus and conch residing in Srivaramangalanger
Where the moon caresses tall mansions, grace this
forlorn self.
3. O dark-hued Lord of Vaikuntha with discus and garuda
banner,
You made a person of this insignificant self, and took
me into your service.
O Lord of Srivaramangalanagar, where many learned
Vedic seers live,
You have graced me from there, I know not how to repay
you I
4. Then you did battle with the five (Pandavas) against the
(Kauravas),
And reduced the foes to ashes. Lord who lifted the earth,
You have come to reside in Srivaramangalanagar amid learned
seers
Who perform Vedic sacrifices incessantly. I only call to
join you there.
5. O dark-hued Lord who enters into every bit and parcel,
And performs many magical acts, is it possible for me
to call you?
O Lord of Srivaramangalanagar where godly men perform
Vedic sacrifices,
You are accessible to worship, I too have seen this.

6. O dark effulgent Vaikuntha Lord who came as a boar
and lifted the earth,
My father, my Krishna, ever my Master Great heavenly hill,*
Whom the folk of Srivaramangalanagar worship amid
sweet mango groves,
Pray come, that I too may worship you I
7. O Lord of celestials, through grace, you have entered my
heart.
O Lord of eternal glory, first cause of the Universe,
Father, Mother, swallower of the seven worlds, resident of
Srivaramangalanagar,
Where godly men perform Vedic sacrifice endlessly, pray
do not forsake me.
8. Those wicked magical senses that you gave will forsake me.
I know them well,
Even you do forsake and dump me into quagmire, just see!
O resident of Srivaramangalanagar where tall mansions
shine,
Lord who ripped the bird's beak, you are hard to reach.
9. Lord who ripped the bird's beak, entered the Marudu trees,
Killed the seven bulls ! Gem-hue radiance, my wicked
wonder-Lord I
Clear minds versed in the Vedas live in cool Srivaramangala-
nagar.
My Lord living in their midst, pray show me the path to
liberation.
10. Lord of celestials, wearing cool fragrant Tulasi crown,
Resident of cool Srivaramangalanagar where sugarcane and
paddy grow tall,
You have given me your feet, as my sole refuge and path.
I have nothing to give in return, my soul too is yours.
11. This decad of the thousand on the Lord of Srivaramangala-
nagar,
By Satakopa of Kurugur surrounded by groves of happy
flowers,
Are addressed to the feet of Daivanayaka, Narayana,
Trivikrama.
Those who can sing it will forever be sweet as ambrosia to
celestials.

* Vanamamalai

TVM 5.8 Aravamude

1. Insatiable ambrosia ! First Lord ! My body melts in love for
you.
You make me flow like restless water.
I see your resplendent form in Tirukkudandai,
Reclining amid fertile waters, fanned by whisks of golden
paddy.
2. My Lord, my Ruler, my pure icon, my beautiful black bull !
You take any beautiful form at will.
Reclining amid Tirukkudandai waters filled with large lotuses,
Your dreamy eyes liken those flowers ! O what can I do?
3. What can I do ? What would you have me do? Who else can
protect me ?
O Lord reclining in Kudandai surrounded by stone walls,
I seek redress with none save you. Pray see that I lead
The remaining days of my life holding on to your feet.
4. O Lord of glory exceeding the grasp of ever learning seers I
Infinite Lord, your fame contains all the worlds.
Lord reclining in Kudandai surrounded by men of exceeding
goodness,
Desirous of seeing you, I look at the sky disturbed, then
weep and pray.
5. I weep, I pray, I dance, I sing and praise.
I look away and hang my head in shame for my clinging mis-
deeds.
O red lotus eyed Lord reclining in fertile Kudandai fields,
Pray show this repentent self the way to your lotus feet.

6. O Lord of celestials reclining in Kudandai surrounded by men
of everlasting glory,
O music of the Yal (harp), ambrosial delight, fruit of
knowledge,
O king of lions, rid me of my Karmas, and find a way, you
must.
I long to reach you, How long must I remain here filling a
bottomless pit ?
7. O King of lions, golden radiance, red-eyed dark cloud Lord !
Dazzling coral mountain, my Lord of four shoulders, Lord in
Kudandai,
Through your grace, you made me your bonded serf.
Now give me your protection and rid me of my birth, no
more I can bear.
8. O great wonder-Lord reclining in Kudandai armed with sharp
discus !
Whether you end my despair or not, you are my sole refuge.
When the body languishes and my life comes to an end,
Grant that I may hold on to your feet without fatigue.
9. Lord sweetly binding me to your feet, King of motionless
celestials,
Lord reclining in Kudandai amid sparkling gems, great
first-cause !
Lord praised by all the worlds,
Pray come, that I may see you.
10. O formless Lord that takes wonderful forms at will !
Insatiable ambrosia, delight of my heart, resident of Kudandai!
You protect me, ending all my endless Karmas.
After becoming your servant, must I still suffer?
11. This decad of the thousand songs, sweeter than flute's
melody, are
Sung by Kurugur Satakopa who found refuge at the feet of
Krishna,
Who drank the demoness's breasts and dried her life to the
bones.
Those who sing it flawlessly will be adored by fawn-eyed
dames.

TMV 5.9 Maneinokku

1. O fawn-eyed friends, This wretched self wanes day by day.
The Lord resides in Tiruvallaval, where Areca trees touch
the sky,
In nectared fragrance-wafting Jasmine gardens and honey-
dripping fruit orchards.
Alas ! when will this devotee self reach his feet ?
2. O Sakhis, why do you disappoint me thus ?
The Lord stands in Tiruvallaval where soft winds waft the
fragrance
Of golden fresh Punnai, Magil and Madavi flowers.
Alas! When will we take the dust of his feet on our heads ?
3. O flower-coiffured friends ! Woe is me, I thin.
The Lord resides in cool Tiruvallaval amid fragrant smoke
Risen from the Vedic altar, where Saman chants rise like the
roaring sea,
Alas ! When will we see his feet without interruption ?
4. O Sakhis ! Why do you hurt me thus endlessly ?
The Lord reclines in Tiruvallaval on hooded snake amid tall
mansions
Nesting in the bowers of betel and areca, jackfruit, coconut
and plantain,
His well-being alone is our good.
5. O good-natured Sakhis ! The smoke from the good Brahmins,
Vedic sacrifices
Clouds the sky in cool Tiruvallaval. That sweet ambrosia,
That fruit, that sugar candy has stolen my well-being.
Alas ! When will my eyes see that radiant from ?

6. O berry-lipped Sakhis ! The Lord who came as a beautiful
dwarf
Resides in fertile Tiruvallaval where trees grow tall and dense
In groves where fresh breeze blows and bees make music
like harp-strings.
Alas ! When will this unfortunate self see his blossomed
lotus-feet ?
7. Good doll-Sakhis ! The Lord, our Master who swallowed the
universe,
Resides in Tiruvallaval, where lotus and water-lily grow tall
in large water tanks,
And reach the radiant faces and eyes of the womenfolk.
Alas ! When will we worship his feet with flowers everyday ?
8. O radiant forehead Sakhis ! The Lord who strode the earth
Resides in Tiruvallaval amid marshy fields abounding in flowers
Where sugarcane sway sweetly and golden paddy ripens
filling the quarters.
Alas, when will we worship his feet everyday without end ?
9. The Lord of abiding grace and spinning discus
Resides in Tiruvallaval amid cool groves,
Where young bumblebees drink nectar and hum like flute and
Yal.
When will we worship his form and restore our slipped
bangles ?
10. Sakhis ! The earth and heaven know the abiding grace
Of Narayana residing in the good city of Tiruvallaval,
Our Lord praised high by many thousand devotees.
Will it be our fortune to chant his names with love ?
11. This decad of the thousand songs, on peaceful Tiruvallaval
Sung by Kurugur Satakopa with knowledge and understanding,
Are addressed to the Lord of thousand names,
Those who sing it will excel in this world.

TMV 5.10 Pirandavarun

1. The wonders of your birth, your boyhood, and your exploits
In the great Bharata war, showing your strength to the five
(Pandavas)

These haunt my heart again and again and consume my soul.
O effulgent Lord, most high, when will I join you ?

2. Your killing the bulls for Nappinnai's hand, ripping the jaws
Of monstrous horse, your Rasa-krida with sweet coiffured

Gopis,

Are hard to describe as thus or thus. Your many acts
thin me.

O first cause of the Universe, when will I join you ?

3. Your radiance, as a child sucking Putana's poisoned breasts,
Your valour, as a boy, destroying the chariot with lotus-foot,
Then your standing in fear, tears welling, when your mother
Hearing you stole butter, took the stick,—these melt my heart

4. Entering stealthily into the cities of Asuras disguised,
Striking terror in their hearts, destroying them by the score,
Then the mat-haired Siva entering into your person
indistinguishably,

These enter my heart, melt and drink soul.

5. Your wonderful acts, of eating food-offerings kept for Indra
Then holding aloft the mountain to stop the angry rains,
Your creating the world, then swallowing, bringing out,
Measuring and marrying dame Earth, melt my heart like wax
in a fire.

6. Countless are your visible and invisible wonderous deeds I,
In standing, in sitting, and in reclining.
I think and think, yet cannot ever comprehend you.
O radiant Lord who swallowed the earth, show this sinner
a way.

7. I faint at the thought of the things you do to me.
Standing as radiance amidst darkness, truth amidst non-being,
You come and fill my eyes. My gem-hued Lord, grace your
presence
Just one day, that my eyes may take in your form deeply.

8. Whenever I hear about your beautiful reclining form,
The red lotus navel and Brahma on it, your entering his
wombs
In your great acts of creation, and your peerless domain
over all,
My heart melts and tears flood my eyes, what shall I do ?

9. Whenever I hear of how you begged for three feet of land,
Then stood up and took the earth and sky and ocean in two
strides,
And how you achieved your ends, my heart melts for you
alone.
O this wicked Karmic self, when will I ever join you ?

10. The way you joined in the churning of the ocean, for Amruta,
The tricks you played to help the Devas, leaving out the
Asuras,
These enter my heart and melt my soul.
O Lord on poisonous snake-couch, tell me how may I
seek you.

- 11r This decad of the Andadi of thousand songs, are
By Kurugur Satakopa, worshipping everyday with single mind
The feet of the serpent couch Lord as sole refuge.
Those who can sing it will enjoy high Vaikuntha forever.

1. ஒரு நா யகமா
ஸஸரிக மகஸா
கருநாய் கவர்ந்த
கம நித தமாம
பெரு நா டுகாண
ஸ ஸா ஸ மகஸ
திருநா ரணன் தாள்
ஸ் ஸ் ஸி ஸ்ஸதரி
2. உய்ம்மின் திறைகொணர்ந் தென்றுல
தம்மின் சுவைமட வாரைப்
வெம்மி னொளியெயில் கானகம்
செய்மின் முடித்திரு மாலே

இண்ட
நிஸரிக
பாண
ஸநிதரி
சைதாங்
நிஸ்தப
சிந்தித்
நிதமக
இம்மை
தாம்விட்
மைதின்
சேர்மி

உலகுட
தநிஸஸ
சிதைகிய
கபகரி
லே பிச்
தா-த
பெற
-த நிஸ்
காண்டவர்
பிறர்கொள்ளத்
போய்க்கு
விரைந்தடி

1. பால னாய்ஏ
கா, ப ரீஸஸ
ஆலி லேயன்
கா, ப தாதரி
தாளி னேமே
கா, ப தா ஸா
மாலு மால்வல்
த்காரி ஸாஸ்ஸ்

முலகுண்
கரிஸத
னவ
ஸா தஸ்
லணி
ஸ்ரீக்ப்
வீனே
ரிஸ்தப

டுபரி
ஸாகரி
சம் செய்
தபகப
தண்ணந்து
க்ரிஸ்ஸ்
யேன்
தா...

வீன்
கா...
யு
தஸ்தப
ழா
ஸ்தரிஸ்
மட
கபதஸ்

றி
கா...
மண்ணலார்
கபகரி
யென்றே
தபதா
வல்லியே
தபகரி

9. நங் கைமீர்நீ
எங்ங னேசொல்
சங்கென் னும்சக்
இங்ங னேசொல்

ருமோர்
லுகேன்
கரமென்
லுமி

பெண்பெற்று
யான்
னும்து
ரா ப்ப

நல்கி
பெற்ற
ழா
கலென்

னீர்
வேழைய
யென்னும்
செய்கேன்

ராகம்: மீரஞ்சனி

தாளம்: ஆதி

1.	கோவை	வாயாள்	பொருட்டேற்	றின்	எருத்த	மிறுத்தாய்	மதிளிவங்	கை
	தஸ்நித	மகரிஸ	மகரிக	மா...	கமாத	மதாநி	தநிக்கி	ஸா...
	கோவை	வீயச்	சிலைகு	னித்தாய்	குலநல்	யானை	மறுப்பொ	சித்தாய்
	தநிஸா	ரிக்மா	ம்காரி	ஸநிஸா	தநிரிஸ்	நிதமா	கமாத	மதநிஸ்
	பூவை	வீயா	நீர்தூ	விப்	போதால்	வணங்கே	னே	லும்நின்
	நிஸ்ரீ	ரீரீ	க்கிரிகி	கா....	கம்க்கரி	ஸாஸா	நிஸ்ரிக்	க்ரிஸா
	பூவை	வீயாம்	மேனிக்	குப்	பூசம்	சாந்தென்	நெஞ்ச	மே
	தஸ்நித	தாதா	கமநித	நீ...	கமநித	மதநீ	தநிக்கி	ஸா...

2.	பூசம்	சாந்தென்	நெஞ்ச	மே	புனையும்	கண்ணி	யெனதுடை	ய
	வாச	கம் செய்	மாலை	யே	வான்பட்	டாடை	யும்அஃ.	தே
	தேச	மான	அணிகல	னும்	என்கை	கூப்புச்	செய்கை	யே
	ஈசன்	ஞால	முண்டு	மிழ்ந்த	எந்தை	யேக	மூர்த்திக்	கே.

ராகம்: ஆஹிரி

தாளம்: மிசர சாபு

4.4 மண்ணையிருந்து

1.மண்	ணையிருந்	து து	ழா வி.வா	மனன்	மண்ணிது	வென்
	—த	நீஸா	ஸாஸ்	ரிகரீ	— நி	ஸாரிஸ்	நிநித	பநித
	னும்/விண்	ணைத்தொழு	தவன்	மேவு	...வை	குந்தமென்	றுகை	காட்டும்
	—பா த	நிஸ்ஸா	நிநித	பநித	பா ப	பதபம	சாம	கரிர்
 கண்	ணை யுண்ணீர்	மல்க	நின்று	...கடல்	வண்ணென்	னும்மன்	னையென்
	—, ஸ	ரிம ரிம	ப பா	பநித	பா பத	நீ தநி	ஸ்ரீ	நிஸ்ஸான்
 பெண்	ணைப் பெரு	மை யல்செய்	தாற்கு	... என்	செய்கேன்	பெய்வளை	யீரே
	— த	நிஸ்ஸா	நிநிநி	பநித	யா ப	பதபம	கா ம	கரிர்
2.	... பெய்	வளைக்கை	களைக்	கூப்பிப்பிரான்	கிடக்குங்	கடல்	என்
	னும்/செய்	யதோர்	ஞாயிற்றை	காட்டிச்சிரீதரன்	மூர்த்தி	யீதென்	னும்
 ரை	யும்கண்ணீர்	மல்க	நின்றுநார	ணென்	னும் மன்	னையென்
 தெய்	வவுரு	வீற்சிறு	மான்செய்	கின்றதொன்	றறி	யேனே

ராகம்: கேதாரம்

தாளம்: மட்யம்

1.	வீற்றிருந் ஸஸஸ ஆற்றன்மிக் பஸஸ போற்றியென் ஸமகம ஏற்றநோற் ஸ்ஸஸ்	தேமுல ஸாஸஸ காளுமம் ஸாஸஸ றேகைக பாபம றேற்கினி நிநிபம	கும்தனிக் ரிகமக மானெவெம் ஸபாம ளாரத்தொ பாபப யென்னகு பஸ்ரானி	கோல் செல்ல ரிமகரி மாபிளந்தான் கரிநிஸ முதுசொல் பநிநிப றையெழுமை பமகரி	வீவில்சீர் ஸரிநீ தன்னை ஸரிகா மாலைகள் பஸ்ஸா யுமே ஸரிகா
2.	மையகண் செய்யகோ மொய்யசொல் வெய்யநோய்	ணுள்மலர் லத்தடங்கண் லாலிசை கள்முழு	மேலுறை ணன்விண்ணோர் மாலைக தும்வியன்	வாளுறை பெருமான் ளேத்தியுள் ஞாலத்துவீ	மார்பினன் தன்னை ளப்பெற்றேன் யவே.

ராகம்: பைரவி

தாளம்: ஆதி (சௌக்கம்)

4.6. தீர்ப்பாரை

1.	தீர்ப் பாரை ஸ்ரீ ஓர்ப் பாலிவ் பா தப மக போர்ப் பாசு பம பாபத போர்/தேர்ப் பாக பாகர்	யாமினி நிஸ்கரி வொண்ணு மபகா தான் தநி தநி னூர்க்கி ஸ்ரஸ்த	எங்ங ஸ்நிநித தல் உற் ரீ, ரி செய் ஸ்ர வள்சிந் நீ, நி	னம் பதபம ற நன் ஸா, ரிக து அன் ஸ், நிஸ் தை து ததா ப	நாடு பாத னேய் இ மா, ம றை வரை ரிம்கரி ழாய்த்திசைக் ஸ்பதப	து மன் நீதநி துதேறி பா நித வெல்வித்த ஸ்நிதப கின்ற மகரிஸ	னைமீர் நிரிநித னேம் பதபம மாயப் பதபம தே ரீ ஸா.
2.	திசைக் வம்/இசைப் திசைப் நீர்/இசைக்	தேயிவள் நீர யே ராகில்	நோயி ணங்கா சங் நன்	து மிக் மும் இ குசக் றே யில்	ரும் வமன்றி றிவள் இதுகாண்	தெய் து கேட்க மினே.	

1. சீல	மில்லாச்	சிறிய	செய்வி	னையோ	பெரி	தால்
ஸாஸ	ஸாஸா	ஸாஸ	ஸாரி	ரிஸாநிஸ	ஸகரி	ரீ—
ஞால	முண்டாய்	ஞான	நாரா	யண	வென்றென்று	
மாம	மாமா	காம	நிநீ	ஸாகா	ரிஸஸ	ஸா—
காலந்	தோரும்	யானி	கைத	லைபூ	சலிட்	டால்
ரீம்	பாபா	மாப	பாப	பாதா	மமக	ரீரீ
கோல	மேனி	காண	கூவி	யுங்கொள்	ளா	யே
ரிபம	மாமக	காம	நிநீ	ஸாகா	ரிஸஸ	ஸா—
2. கொள்ள	மாளா	வீன்ப	கோதி	லந்தந்	திடும்	என்
வள்ள	லேயோ	வையங்	வாம	னாவோ	வென்றென்	று
நள்ளி	ராவும்	நன்ப	நானி	ருந்தோ	லமிட்	டால்
கள்ள	மாயா	வுன்னை	காண	வந்தீ	யா	யே

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4.8 ஏறும்

1. ஏறும்	இறையேனும்	திசைமுகனும்	திருமகளும்
கம்பாபா	பா பா பம	கம பா மா	கரி காமா
கூறும்	தனியுடம்பன்	குலங்குலமா	வசுரர்களை
கம்பாமா	கரிஸாநீ	ஸம கா ரீ	ரிகஸாஸா
நீறும்	படியாக	நிருமித்தான்	படைதொட்ட
பா பா பம	பஸ்ஸாஸா	நிஸ்காரீ	ஸ்தநீஸா
மாறளன்	கவராத	மணிமாமை	குறைவிலமே
பக்ரீஸ்	ரீஸ்நிதபம	கம்பாமா	கரிகா மா
2. மணிமாமை	குறைவில்லா	மலர்மாதர்	உறைமார்பன்
அணிமானத்	தடைவரைத்தோள்	அடலாழித்	தடக்கையன்
பணிமானம்	பிழையாமே	அடியேனைப்	பணிகொண்ட
மணிமாயன்	கவராத	மடநெஞ்சால்	குறைவிலமே

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1. னுநண்	ணுதார்	முறுவ	லிப்ப	நல்	லுற்றுர்	கரைந்தேங்
..ஸரி	மா மா	ம மா ம	மா மா	..மா	மா மா	மபகா,
எண்	ணுராத்	துயர்வி	னேக்கும்	இவை	யென்ன	வுலகி
..ஸத	பத பம	ககாம	ரீ ரீ	..ஸரி	பா மா	கரீரி
கண்	ணுளா	கடல்க	டைந்தாய்	உன	கழற்கே	வரும்ப
..மப	காமா	ப பா ப	பாபா	..ஸத	பதப	மபாத
தண்	ணுவா	தடியே	னே	பணி	கண்டாய்	சாமா
..ஸத	பதபம	ககாம	கரிகா	..ஸரி	பாமா	ககாம
2. சா	மாமும்	கெடு	மாமும்	..தம	ருற்றுர்	தலைத்த
தே	மாறிக்	கிடந்	தலற்றும்	..இவை	யென்ன	வுலகி
ஆ	மாறென்	றறியேன்	நான்	..அர	வணையா	யம்மா
கை	மாறே	விரைகண்	டாய்	..அடி	யேனைக்	குறிக்கொண்டே

1. ஒன்றும்	தேவும்	உலகு	முயிரும்	மற்றும்	யாதுயில்	லா
மாம	ஸாஸா	ஸமக	பாபா	மதஸ்	நீதப	மபதப
அன்று	நான்முகன்	தன்	னோடு	தேவ	ருலகோ	டுயிர்ப்ப
மபத	மாமம	கஸஸ	ஸதடா	மாத	மதஸ்ரி	ரிதப
குன்றம்	போல்மணி	மாட	நீடு	திருக்கு	றுகை	ரத
மரித	தாமத	மாத	ஸ்ராஸா	தஸ்க்	ஸ்ராஸா	தஸ்ரி
நின்ற	வாதிபி	ரான்	நிற்க	மற்றெத்	தெய்வம்	நாடு
தாஸ்	ம்மாக்க	ஸ்ராநி	தபதஸ்	பதஸ்	நீதப	மபதப
2. நாடி	நீர்வணங்	குந்	தெய்வமும்	உம்மை	யும்	படைத்
வீடில்	சீர்ப்புகழ்	ஆதி	பிரான்	அவன்	மேவி	யுறை
மாட	மாளிகை	தழ்ந்தழ	காய	திருக்கு	ருகை	ரத
பாடி	யாடிப்	பரவிச்	சென்மின்கள்	பல்லு	லகீர்	பரந்
						தான்
						கோயில்
						னை
						தே

ராகம்: குறிஞ்சி

தாளம்: மட்டயம்

1.	கையார்சக் ஸஸாஸ பொய்யேகை ப ஸாஸ மெய்யேபெற் ரிகாம ஐயோகண் ப ஸாஸ	கரத்தென் ஸஸஸா ம்மைசொல்லி ஸரிர் றெழிந்தேன் ம ம மா ணபிரான் ஸரிர்	கருமாணிக் ஸரிஸ புறமேபு கமபம விதிவாய்க்கின் கமபம அறையோவி கமபம	கமேயென் ஸநிரிஸ றமேயா கரிஸநி றுகாப்பா கரிஸநி னிப்போனூ கரிஸநி	றென் று தநிநீ டி ஸா,, ரார் ரி,, லே ஸா,,
2.	போனாய்மா தேனேயின் தானேலெம் வானேமா	மருதின் னமுதேயென் பெருமான் னிலமே	பொல்லாம லக்கூத்துச் கியொழிந் றுமென்னுள்ள	ணரியே சொல்ல தான் னவே	

ராகம்: கம்பீரநாட்டை

5. 2. பொலிக

தாளம்: ஆதி

1.	பொலிக ஸஸஸா நலியும் கமபநி கலியும் கமபநி மலியப் நிஸ்கா	பொலிக பபபா நர ஸ்நிபம கெடும் ஸ்நிபம புஞந் ,ஸ்ஸநி	பொலிக பநீஸ் கமும் கமபம கண்டு பநிஸ்நி திசைபா பம பம	போயிற் நிஸ்கா நமனுக்கிங் ஸ்நிபம கடல்வண்ணன் நிஸ்க்க் ஆடி ஸ்நிபம	றுவல் ஸ்ஸஸ்நி கியாதொன்று கமபம பூதங்கள் நிஸ்க்க் யுழிதரக் கமபம	லுயிர்ச்சா பநிஸ்நி யில் மகபம மண் க்ச்ஸ்நா கண் மகபம	பம் பமகா கூ காஸா மேல் ஸ்ா,, டோம் காஸா
2.	கண்டோங் தொண்டர் வண்டார் பண்டான	கண்டோங் எல் தண் பாடிநின்	கண்ணுக் தொழுதுதொ மாதவன் பரந்து	கணியன முதுநின் பூதங்கள் திரிகின்ற	கண்டோம் றூர்த் மண் ன	— தும் மேல் வே	

1.	மாசறு	சோதியென்	செய்ய	வாய்மணிக்	குன்றத்	தை
	காஸரி	தாபம	பதநிஸ்	நிதபம	தநிஸ்ரி	ஸா,,
	ஆசறு	சீலனை	யாதி	மூர்த்தி	யை	நாடியே
	தநிஸ்ரி	ஸ்நிதப	மகபம	தபம	கா,,	மகரிஸ
	பாசற	வெய்தி	அறிவி	முந்தெனை	நாளை	யம்
	பதநித	பாபா	பதநித	, பமா	பகமா	நிததா
	ஏசறு	மூரவர்	கவ்வை	தோழீ	யென்செய்யு	மே
	தாபத	காரிஸ்	ரிநிதம	தநிஸா	ஸ்நிதப	மகரிஸ
2.	என்செய்யு	மூரவர்	கவ்வை	தோழீ	யினிநம்	மை
	என்செய்ய	தாமரைக்	கண்ணன்	என்	னை	நிறைகொண்டான்
	முன்செய்ய	மாமை	யிழந்து	மேனி	மெலிவெய்	தி
	என்செய்ய	வாயும்	கருங்	கண்ணும்	பயப்பூர்ந்	தவே

1.	ஊரெல்லாம்	துஞ்சி	உலகெல்லாம்	நள்ளிருளாய்
	ஸரிகாகா	பாபா,,	கபதாபா	கபகரிஸா
	நீரெல்லாம்	தேறியோர்	நீளிரவாய்	நீண்டதால்
	கதபாதப	கபகரிஸா	ஸரிகாகா	பா,பபா
	பாரெல்லாம்	உண்டநம்	பாம்பணையான்	வாரானால்
	பகபாதா	ஸாஸாஸா	பதஸ்ஸஸா	நிததபபா
	ஆரெல்லே	வல்வினையேன்	ஆவிகாப்	பாரினியே
	பதஸ்ஸா	ஸ்ததபபா	காபதபா	கபகரிஸா
2.	ஆவிகாப்	பாரினியார்	ஆழ்கடல்மண்	விண்முடி
	மாவிகார	மாயோர்	வல்லிரவாய்	நீண்டதால்
	காவிசேர்	வண்ணனென்	கண்ணனும்	வாரானால்
	பாவிவேன்	நெஞ்சமே	நீயும் பாங்	கல்லையே

1.	எங்ங நிக்ரி நங்கள்	னையோ ஸாஸ்த கோலத்	அன்னை நீரி திருக்கு	மீர்காள் நிதபம றுங்குடி	என்னை பாத நம்பி	முனிவது நீதநி யையநான்	நீர் ஸா, கண்ட	— — பின்
	பாஸ் சங்கி	நிதபதப னேடும்	கமப நேமி	காரிஸ யோடும்	கரிநி தாம	ஸாரீ ரைக்கண்	காம களோ	கரிர் டும்
	தநிநி செங்க	தநிநீ னிவா	ரிநித யொன்றி	பாபா னேடும்	மதப செல்கின்	காரிக றதென்	மபதம பா,,	டும் மே
	தநிஸ்	ரிஸ்ரிம்கர்	நிரிஸ்	நிதபம	பாஸ்	ஸ்நிதபமகமப	காரி	கஸஸா

2.

என்நெஞ் தென்னஞ் மின்னு மன்னு	சிணுல் சோலை நூலும் புணும்	நோக்கிக் திருக்கு குண்ட நான்கு	காணீர் றுங்குடி லமும் தோளும்	என்னை நம்பி மார்பில் வந்தெங்	முனியா யையநான் திரு கும்நின்	தே கண்ட மறு றிடு	— பின் வும் மே
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ராகம்: யதுகுலகாம்போஜி

5. 6. கடல் ஞாலம்

தாளம்: மிச்சராபு

1. கடல் ஸரி	ஞாலம்செய் பமமக	தேனும்பா ககம	னையென்னும் பாமக	கடல் மக	ஞாலமா ரிதமக	வேனும்பா கரிஸ	னையென்னும் ஸரிகரிர்
 கடல் ஸரி	ஞாலம்கொண் ஸாஸநி	டேனும்பா பாத	னையென்னும் ஸரிகரிரி	கடல் ஸரி	ஞாலம்கீண் மபதஸ்	டேனும்பா தபம	னையென்னும் கரிரிஸ
 கடல் மக	ஞாலமுண் பாபத	டேனும்பா ஸாநி	னையென்னும் ஸாஸ்ஸ	கடல் தத	ஞாலத் ஸ்நிநித	தீசன்வந் நிதப	தேறக்கொ பததபம
லோ	கடல்	ஞாலத்தீர்க்கி	வையென் கமபம	சொல்லுகென் பதஸா	கடல் பம	ஞாலத்தென்ம பதஸாபம	கள்கற்கின் ககக	றவே கமர்
பா	ஸரி	மமமம	கமபம	பதஸா	பம	பதஸாபம	ககக	கமர்
2. கற் கற்	கும்கல்விக் கும்கல்வி	கெல்லையி செய்வேனும்	லனையென்னும் யானையென்னும்	கற் கற்	கும்கல்வி கும்கல்வி	யாவேனும் தீர்ப்பேனும்	யானே யானே
 கற் லோ	கும்கல்விச் கும்கல்வியீர்க்	சாரமும் கிவையென்	யானையென்னும் சொல்லுகென்	கற் கற்	கும்கல்வி கும்கல்வியென்	நாதன்வந் மகள்காண்	தேறக்கொ கின்றவே

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5. 7. நோற்ற நோன்பு

1. நோற்ற ஸரிமம ஆற்றகிற் ஸுதபத சேற்றுத்தா பாபப வீற்றிருந் தக்கரிஸ்	நோன்பிலேன் ,மமா கின்றி ,மகரி மரை ,பபா தவெந் ,ஸ்தஸ்	நுண்ணறி ரிமபப வேன் ஸரிர் சென்னெ ஸரிமப தாய் தா,	விலேன் தபதா அர ,ஸுத லூடு தபதா உனக் ,ஸரி	ஆகிலு பதரிஸ் வின் ஸரி மலர்சிரீ பதஸ்ஸ் கும் மபமபதா	மினியுன்னை நிதபம அணையம் மமரிம வரமங் ஸரிம்ரிஸ் மிகை பமகரி	விட்டொன் தமகரி மா பதபத கலந தக்கரிஸ் யல்லேன் ஸரிஸத	றும் ரீ,, னே மபபா கர் தா,, அங்கே கரிஸா
2. அங்குற் ளங்குற் திங்கள்சேர் சங்குசக்	றேனல்வே றேனுமல் மணி கரத்	னிங்குற்றே லேன் மாட தாய்	னல்லேனுன்னை இலங் நீடு தமி	காணும கை சிரீவர யே	வாவில் செற்றவம் மங்கல னுக்கரு	வீழ்ந்து மா நகரு ளாயே	நான் னே றை —

5. 8. ஆராவமுதே

1. ஆரா நீரி நீராய் பாபக சீரார் மபதா ஏரார் கார்	வமுதே கககா அலைந்து பாபப செந்நெல் தாதா கோலம் ஸ்ஸ்ஸா	அடியே கரிநீ கரைய கரிதா கவரி பதரிஸ் திகழக் ரிநிநித	னுடலம் ரிரிர் வுருக்கு பபாப வீசும் நிதபா கிடந்தாய் பபபா	நின்பா நீரி கின்ற கதபம செழுநீர்த் ஸ்ரிதா கண்டே ரீகா	லன்பா பமகரி நெடுமா கரிமம திருக்குடந் நிமதரி நெம்மா நிதபம	யே ஸா,, லே பா தை ஸா,, னே கா,,	— " " — — — " " — " "
2. எம்மா எம்மா செம்மா அம்மா	னெயென் வுருவும் கமலம் மலர்க்கண்	வெள்ளை வேண்டு செழுநீர் வளர்கின்	மூர்த்தி மாற்றால் மிசைகண் றுணே	என்னை ஆவா மலரும் என் நான்	யாள்வா யெழிலே திருக்குடந் செய்கே	னே றே தை னே	— — — —

ராகம் ரீதிகௌள

1.	மாணேய்	நோக்கு	நல்லீர்	...வை	கலும்	வினேயேன்	மெலிய	—
	ஸாஸா	நிபநிநி	ஸா,,	,, நிஸ்	கரிகா	கரிகம	கரிகம	கரிஸா
	வானூர்	வண்கமு	கும்	...மது	மல்லி	கை	கமழும்	—
	ஸாகரி	காமக	மா,,	,,கம	பநிபம	கரிகா	கமகரி	ஸா,,
	தேனூர்	சோலைகள்	தூழ்தி	ரு	வல்ல	வாமுறை	யும்	—
	நிந்தம	நிநிஸ்நி	ஸா,,	நிஸா,,	நிரிஸ்நி	தா நித	நிஸ்நித	மா,,
	கோனூ	சையடி	யேன	டி	கூடுவ	தென்றுகொ	லோ	—
	காக்கரி	கம்க்கரி	ஸ்ா,நி	தா,,	கமநித	ஸாநித	மககரி	ஸா,,

2	என்றுகொல்	தோழிமீர்	காள்	—எம்	மைநீர்	நலிந்தென்	செய்தி	ரோ
	பொன் திகழ்	புன்னைம	கிழ்	—புது	மாத	வி மீ	தண	வி
	தென்றல்	மணங்கம	மும் தி	ரு	வல்ல	வாழ்நக	ருள்	—
	நின்றபி	ரானடி	நீற	டி	யோங்	கொண்டு	துடுவ	தே

5. 10. பிறந்தவாரும்

ராகம்: ஸஹாரூ

1.	பிறந்த	வாரும்	வளர்ந்த	வாரும்	பெரிய	பாரதங்	கைசெய்	தைவர்க்கு
	ஸரிகரி	ரீரி	ரிகாம	பாபா	ரிநீத	பதமா	காமரி	கரிஸா
	திறங்கள்	காட்டியிட்	ஞ்ச்செய்	து	போன	மாயங்க	ளும்	—
	தரீரி	ஸாஸரி	ஸதஸத	நிதபா	நிஸரீ	ரிகமபம்	பா	—
	நிறந்த	னூடு	புக்கென	தாவியை	நின்று	நின்றுருக்	கியுண்கின்	றவிச்
	பநீத	மாதா	தநிஸ்நி	ஸாஸ்ஸ்	த்தரிஸ்ரி	ஸ்தநித	பதநித	பா,ஸ்
	சிறந்த	வாந்சூட	ரேயுன்	னை	யென்றுகொல்	சேர்வது	வே	—
	தரீரி	ஸாஸ்ரி	ஸ்தநித	பநிதப	ரிகமப	மககம	ரீ,,	ஸா,,

3.	பெய்யுங்	பூங்குழல்	யேய்முலை	யுண்ட	பிள்ளைத்	தேற்றமும்	பேர்ந்தோர்	சாடிற்ச
	செய்ய	பாதமொன்	ரூல்	செய்த	நின்சிறுவச்	சேவக	மும்	—
	நெய்யுண்	வார்த்தையு	என்னகோல்	கொள்ள	நீயுள்	தாமரைக்	கண்கள்நீர்	மல்க
	பைய	வேரி	லையம்	வந்தென்	நெஞ்சை	யுருக்குங்க	ளே	—

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श्रीः

गुरुस्तुतिः

राग श्री

ताल रूपक

पल्लवी

नमः श्री वीरवनरुद्ध शठकोपमहोपाध्याय संगीताचार्याय (नमः)

अनुपल्लवी

पण्डित पामर तोषद कोविदाय
भारतीय संस्कृतिहिताय शुभाय वराय (नमः)

चरणम्

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तनियन

गुरुमुखमनधीत्य प्राह वेदानशेषान्
 नरपतिपरिकल्पं शुल्कमादातुकामः ।
 श्वशुरममरवन्धं रङ्गनाथस्य साक्षात्
 द्विजकुलतिलकं तं विष्णुचित्तं नमामि ॥

पेरियाळ्वार रचित
 तिरुप्पलाण्डु
 (हिन्दी रूपान्तर)

श्रीरामभारती

राग मल्लारि

ताल खण्डचापु, आदि

बहुवर्ष बहुवर्ष बहुसैकड़ों वर्ष बहुकोटि लाखों शुभ
 मलयुद्ध बाहूँ मणिवर्ण तेरे परलबित पादों में हम रक्षणी
 हम और तुममें सम्बन्ध बने रहे सहस्र शुभ बहुवर्ष
 बलिहारी तेरे बक्ष में बसे कमल देवी शुभ बहुवर्ष
 बढ़ता ज्योतिशतः किरणों धर चक्र को शुभ बहुवर्ष
 रण में घोर भयं करता तेरे पाञ्चजन्य रहे बहुवर्ष

राग धन्यासि

ताल आदि

भवसागर में बन्धे हुए बन्धो आके मही और गन्ध धरो
 खाना में बन्धे लोगों को अपने गुट में हम मिलने नहीं देंगे
 सातों जन्म में दोषहीन हैं हम ही राक्षसों का श्रीलंका
 पातालों सा रण में किया जिनको बहुवर्ष गाते आते हैं

शितिलजगत में लगने से पहले आके हमारे गुट में मिललो
 सम दिल वाले लोगों मितफल छोड़ तुरंत सम मिल लो
 गांव में नगर में गुंज उठे नमो नारायणाय कहे
 गाने को मन किये भक्त जनों आके बहुवर्ष गाइये

राग कल्याणी

ताल आदि

अण्डकुलों के अधिपति होके असुर और राक्षसों को
 चण्डाल कुलों को छोड़के हटाये हृषीकेश देव को
 भक्त कुलों में हो वन्दन कर पादको नाम सहस्र कहते
 पूर्वी कुलों को छोड़के सौ वर्ष सहस्र बहुवर्ष गाइये

मेरे तात तात और तात के परदादे सात जनम से होके
 आकर फिर फिर सेवा करते हैं शरवण की मेला में
 सन्धि समय में मृग रूप धरके अरि को संहार किये जिनको
 बन्धन छूट सहस्र सौवर्ष सहस्र बहुवर्ष गाइये

राग कुन्तलवराळी

ताल आदि

तीव्र किरण के ज्वलन सी ज्योति धर सिरी चक्र के
 मन्दिर अङ्गारों से अंकित करके कुल कुल दास बने हैं
 माया लिङ्गित बाणन के दश शत बाहूँ कटके गिरे
 रक्त झरन किये चक्र सुधारी को बहुवर्ष गाते हैं

घृतभर शुद्धोदन और नियतम आस्थान सेवा फल
 कर में सुधारी और कण्ठ में माला कर्णों में कुण्डल दो
 तन में सुचन्दन देकर मुझे शुद्धात्मा बनाने में बल्लव
 फणि धर नाग वैरी ध्वजा को मैं बहुवर्ष गाता हूँ

राग पुत्रागवराळी

(पंचम स्थायी पर)

ताल आदि

पहनाके पीतक वस्त्र को तेरे पहनके शेष भुञ्जी
 गहबाके फूलों की तुलसी माला गहनते भक्त हैं हम
 विशुद्ध दिशा में करम को निर्माकर श्रवण की मेला में
 पड़े फणि नाग को पलडक बनाये को बहुवर्ष गाते हैं

जिस दिन मेरे भगवान तेरे हम दास बने लिखे गये
 उस दिन ही मेरे सारे परिवार छुट के उज्जीवित हुए देख
 शुभ दिन आकर पुरी मथुरा में धनुष भञ्जन पंचशिरो
 फणी नाग पर नर्तन किये देव तुझे बहुवर्ष गाते हैं

राग भैरवी

ताल आदि

कल्मष कोई बिना अणि गोष्ठीपुरी के अभिमान तुझ
 शेल्वन जैसे सिरीमाली मैं भी तेरे ही पुरातन दास हूँ
 भले भांती नमो नारायणा ऐसे नामों बहु कहकै
 बहु विधियों से पवित्रन हे तुझे बहुवर्ष गाता आता हूँ

राग सुरटी

ताल आदि

बहुवर्षेति पवित्रन को परमेष्ठी को शार्ङ्गधन्वी
 धनुर्धारी को वै विष्णुचूर् विष्णुचित्त के कहे प्रिय बोल
 शुभवर्ष ऐसे जो समझके गाये नमो नारायणाय कहके
 बहुवर्षों भगवान को जो परम प्रेम करे सो बहुवर्ष